

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

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THE CITY OF THE SOUL

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

This volume was issued anonymously in May, 1899. The first edition of 500 was exhausted within a few months of publication, and a second edition of 500 was issued in December, 1899.

Owing to the failure of the Publisher the book has been unobtainable for several years. Of the second edition only a few copies now remain. They are offered for sale at the original published price, 5s. net, by Messrs. BICKERS & SON, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, from whom alone they can be obtained.

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THE LATE MR. LIONEL JOHNSON IN THE "OUTLOOK," IN AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "A GREAT UNKNOWN."

"The title of these arresting poems is taken from that of an opening set of four sonnets, and it well describes and defines the writer's poetical attitude. . . . Here is not the impeccable dulness of an accomplished imitator, of the soulless craftsman who has caught some master's style; behind or within these poems is a personality. The pieces which will probably win most admirers are three ballads. . . . Youth in its white, fresh grace, its wistfulness and joyousness, wonder and simplicity, sighs and sighs in these ballads, of which one is a legend, one historical, and the third a beautiful invention. . . . But possibly finer than these fine fantasies are the more personal, or at least more intimately conceived and meditative poems. . . . Let the reader turn to 'Rejected,' a mystical lyric worthy of Blake, and impossible to describe otherwise; if he has any sense of poetry he will feel and confess that we have here an authentic poet. Among crowds of clever versifiers here comes a poet."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

"Delicate imagination and sense of words are not the only qualities that entitle 'The City of the Soul' to peculiar distinction. The writer adds to these a technical judgment no less completely at home with the ballad than with the lyrical or sonnet form. As a criticism of verse, this would be exhaustive praise. But these pieces contain just that element of passion which transforms skilful verse into fine poetry. . . . The ballad soliloquy 'Perkin Warbeck' is extraordinarily good. . . . Among the rest of the poems are two translations from 'Les Fleurs du Mal.' In daintiness of expression, often married to exotic sentiment, the translator himself has no slight affinity with Baudelaire. The book is full of things which tempt one to linger."

THE STANDARD

"The verses have a character of their own, and are at times quite exquisite in point of workmanship. . . . this accomplished and skilful hand."

THE TIMES

"He is by turns æsthetic and introspective, and is at his best in his ballads, especially the ballad of 'St. Vitus,' almost every stanza of which is a Pre-Raphaelite picture."

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

"These are the verses of a poet. The volume is small, but it would be most unjust to call it the production of a minor bard. . . . It is a work of a remarkably high order. The author has achieved great distinction in his sonnets. . . . Indeed, all through the book one comes upon lines which are astonishing in their beauty and their distinction. . . . a poet who proves himself capable of the very highest work. There can be no doubt as to the fate of these poems."

"A PARISIAN" IN THE "ST. JAMES'S GAZETTE"

"These poems, 'The City of the Soul,' by an anonymous author, were known in part to the Parisian public before they were printed in England, for some of the best among them—and the volume, it seems to me, is a treasure-house of gems—first appeared in the 'Revue Blanche,' with the accompaniment of a French translation. That is some three years ago, and the great masters of French poetry, chief among them the late Stephen Mallarmé, were not slow to applaud."

"The remarkable success which I hear the book has since had in England does credit I think, to the judgment of our French critics, which is often singularly just in its estimate of English poetry, especially if it belongs to the Elizabethan period of our literature or be animated by the Elizabethan 'soufflé' . . . and surely it is this 'soufflé,' a pure invigorating wind from heaven which blows and whispers and weeps in this new poet's verses. . . . The two translations from Baudelaire are as perfect in form and in the repetition of the *frisson* of the original verse as Baudelaire's own translations from Poe and Longfellow. It is a pleasure to find so complete, so temperamental a sympathy between a great French and great English poet."

THE LATE MR. FRANCIS THOMPSON IN "THE ACADEMY"

"He has a rich sense of language, a true gift of mellifluous versification. Few poems are without cunning and iridescent diction; and all have a rich, youthful passion for beauty which is in itself an inspiration. . . . No poem at once complete and brief enough for quotation will exhibit altogether the glow of his diction, the luxuriance of his fancy, and the melodious quality of his verse."

MR. GEORGE STREET IN THE "PALL-MALL MAGAZINE"

"In my case, I reckon but very few of the contemporary writers of verse known to me as poets—how few I should hardly like to say. Among them I place without hesitation the anonymous author of the 'City of the Soul.' . . . This inspiration I take to be first of all the beauty of visible things freshly impressive on the senses. It is as though a child said 'Look, how beautiful!' but a child able to see minutely and variously. . . . and the power to see beautiful things and to express them beautifully is so rare, that one is justified [taking my view of it] in thinking the appearance of this little book a most fortunate event."

THE SCOTSMAN

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LIFE AND LETTERS

OUR contemporary the *Standard* had rendered a service to the community by opening its columns to the discussion of the abuse of the Nonconformist pulpit. Letters continue to pour in on the subject, the majority of them by Nonconformists. The result is an overwhelming indictment, and it would be amusing if it were not pitiable to see the efforts to defend an untenable position which are being made by a few of the more rabid scions of Nonconformity. Mr. Silvester Horne has distinguished himself by writing two or three letters which conclusively prove that he is in a state of mind which absolutely unfit him for the position of pastor and spiritual master of even a Nonconformist community. Mr. Silvester Horne's ideas about religion seem to be indissolubly connected with swords, battles, fighting, and general attacks upon everybody all round. He refers with complacent glee to those "unrepentant regicides" Milton and Cromwell. We should like to ask him what authority he has for describing Milton as a regicide. It is unfortunately only too true that that great poet lent the splendour of his genius to approbation of the cause of those who murdered King Charles I.; but to call him a regicide is surely a little too strong. Milton was a man of odious character, but, unlike Cromwell, he was not actually a murderer. If Mr. Silvester Horne's congregation have any sentiment remotely connected with Christianity left among them they will immediately dispense with his services. Mr. Silvester Horne, in the course of his astounding letters, has committed himself to the statement that the "clergy of the Church of England are State servants in the receipt of State pay." He has been repeatedly challenged by numerous correspondents to the *Standard* to substantiate this ludicrous statement or to withdraw it and admit its palpable untruth, but this pleasing Christian minister prefers to indulge in what he himself describes as "Gargantuan laughter," though what there is to laugh at we fail to see.

It is very gratifying to note that the complete supremacy of British athletes has once more been demonstrated at the Olympic Games. There is a certain class of Englishman who on the smallest pretext bursts forth into dismal wailings about the degeneracy of the manhood of this country. And this class of person will be surprised, and, for the moment at any rate, we hope silenced, by the results of the international athletic competitions. The only unpleasant feature of these Games, so far, has been the unseemly behaviour of the American contingent. The 1,500 metre

race they succeeded in winning by unfair jostling, and when this incident was, in the spirit of sportsmanlike courtesy passed over and condoned, they proceeded to make themselves ridiculous and offensive by protesting against the boots worn by the team of London policemen who pulled them round the arena in the tug-of-war. The climax was reached on Thursday, when Carpenter, one of the United States' representatives in the 400 metre race, deliberately bored Halswelle, the British runner, right off the track. The judges immediately broke the tape and declared the race null and void. A more disgraceful exhibition of foul running has never been seen on an English track, and it is becoming increasingly obvious that in future American "amateurs" will have to be debarred from taking part in athletic contests in this country, which are supposed to be reserved for gentlemen. Not content with exhibiting this low disregard for the sportsmanlike sense of fairness and decency, the American contingent and their representatives have been indulging in insolent and bluffing comments in the papers on the unanimous decision of the judges. They may be warned that while in England we don't lynch people or burn them alive, there is such a thing as ducking a welsher in a horse-pond or putting him under the pump. The deplorable incident at Henley two or three years ago, when an American "amateur" crew, whose amateur status was guaranteed by the leading rowing club of America, was found to consist almost entirely of professionals, has not been forgotten. Coming on the top of that shameful business the present exhibition of unseemly conduct on the part of American athletes should surely debar them in future from any claim to take part in amateur sports in England.

We note, not without a certain satisfaction, that the *Westminster Gazette* is about to pass into the hands of a new proprietorship. There can be no doubt whatever that the *Westminster* will feel all the better for a change of some sort. Far be it from us to suggest that the original proprietors have been wanting either in public spirit or journalistic enterprise, but the paper has droned and drivelled along in the most dispiriting way, and if Liberalism is capable of having good done to it a new *Westminster* is far more likely to be useful in the process than the old one. It was commonly asserted by Liberal journalists that the *Tribune* went to its death because the people of England have no appreciation of fine writing and high principle. In point of fact the *Tribune* ceased to be because it was bungled, frequently ill-written, and steadily burdened with all sorts of dullards. The people of England are not by any means the soulless persons that incompetent people would have us imagine. When a company of gentlemen for this or that reason find large sums of money for the purpose of running newspapers they should look to it that sound men are engaged to do their work. A Liberal paper, for example, written for the most part by Members of Conservative clubs, can never hope to succeed, despite all the beautiful cant about a journalist being a special pleader as detached from the intentions of his paper as counsel is detached from the intentions of his client.

We do not wish to suggest that anything like this has been happening on the *Westminster Gazette*, but it is certain that, for some reason or other, the green journal has been a half-hearted, vapouring, and unconvincing affair for a long time past. Its present defects appear to us to be extreme grooviness and the woolliness and want of verve which would be more proper in a radish than in a powerful daily. On the literary side it has made itself quite ridiculous by stooping to the prize essay, the literary competition, and kindred baubles. On other sides, not content with its F.C.G., it has invented a sort of dull-witted office-boy penciller who really should be drawing for *Scraps*, while its "Notes of the Day" bear every evidence of being written by some person or persons who are very tired indeed. And as for the "poetry," in which the *Westminster* has so assiduously endeavoured to emulate the *Pall-Mall*, the less said about it the better. We trust that the new proprietors

will give these and kindred matters their earnest attention. The tendency of persons who own newspapers is to "secure the services" of the next man who happens to come round, provided he can show a "record" on the amazing journals owned by Messrs. Harmsworth, Pearson, or Newnes. A very excellent rule-of-thumb test for making sure of a journalist's competence is that he has never been employed by these firms.

The hapenny virus can be warranted to ruin any paper whatsoever, no matter though it be owned by archangels. We are aware that brains and honesty are difficult to compass, but if they cannot be compassed the Harmsworth substitute is bound to prove an exceedingly bad investment in the long run, and the foolish investor in "smartness" might just as well give up keeping shop. There is plenty of room in England for a Liberal paper that will be a credit and an inspiration to Liberalism, and such a paper would bring in handsome returns on any reasonable capital outlay. We hope the revived *Westminster* may turn out to be this paper.

Mr. Belloc's "new novel," ingeniously called "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. Mr. Belloc is as fortunate among publishers as sailors are said to be in port, in other words, whenever he produces a new work of art he would appear to find a new publisher ready, and, one might almost say, gasping to produce it for him. We have looked over the pages of "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election," and we do not find them entertaining. However, Mr. Belloc is a good author in the sense that he always does his best to provide us with value for money in some shape or other. In the present instance he achieves this by dedicating "Mr. Clutterbuck's Election" to Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The startling novelty and genius of this stroke will be obvious. We shall deal faithfully with Mr. Clutterbuck himself in a future issue.

We are sorry to have to revert once more to the question of the wild statements made by the Bishop of London as to the condition of the populace of Westminster on the occasion of his now notorious "midnight march." Our readers will remember that we were at considerable pains to investigate this matter, and that our conclusions were in direct opposition to those of the Bishop of London. We have twice called upon his lordship either to withdraw his aspersions on the character of the inhabitants of the district in question or to bring forward some slightly more convincing proof of the veracity of his statements than that which is supplied by his own excited imagination. But apparently the Bishop is impervious to reason, and having made what we can only characterise as a false statement he prefers to take refuge in silence rather than to make the sacrifice of his dignity which would accompany a withdrawal or an apology to those whom he has maligned. The Bishop of London has before now exposed himself to the charge of making reckless and dangerous remarks, and his latest exploit will long be remembered to his disadvantage.

Reuter informs us that M. Gabriel Gustafson, the Curator of the Christiania Museum, reports to the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres the exhumation in Norway of a Viking Funeral-ship, estimated as dating from the ninth century. In it were found two female skeletons and a rich cargo of antiquities. Unfortunately, as *Reuter* indignantly reports:

The treasure was not intact. At some remote period, probably hundreds of years ago, it had been unearthed by unscrupulous visitors, who had pillaged the mortuary-chamber of many of the curious relics.

Happily our pious telegraphic contemporary will not again have to expose this ancient scandal, for the more perspicuous eye of the Norwegian Government has now found:

In other parts of the ship, which had apparently escaped the

notice of the sacrilegious intruders . . . a large and extremely valuable collection of historic remains—

which, as the faithful guardian of public morals, it proposes to convey—ship, passengers, and cargo—to the Christiania Museum, and thus remove any tittle of occasion for detailed pillage in the future.

We are glad to learn that the National Gallery benefits under the will of the late Mr. Martin Colnaghi by the immediate acquisition of four pictures—a Lorenzo Lotto, a Wouvermans, a Van der Neer, and a Gainsborough. It is to be hoped that these are true samples of Mr. Martin Colnaghi's taste, for when the exigencies of his trade allowed he was one of the very few art dealers in England possessed of real *flair* and knowledge. The Gallery will also benefit eventually to the extent of the whole of Mr. Colnaghi's fortune, at present subject to a life interest. The bequest is to be applied to the purchasing of pictures, so that the authorities' possibility in this direction will no doubt be greatly increased. We trust that the opportunities will not be negated by their perpetual internal disagreements. It is a pity that the bequest is burdened with the condition that pictures purchased by it must be arranged together as a separate collection within the national one. It is quite right that donors' names should be plainly inscribed on their donations, for there is no more enviable monument than a fine picture. The exquisite little Pisanello in the National Gallery, for instance, will, we hope, remain "a monument in brass" to the fine taste of the late Prince Consort long after more brazen memorials have disappeared before the reforming march of the traffic or public taste. But the memory of donors is not kept any the greener by the massing of their gifts, which often suffer in consequence; a Lorenzo Lotto is not improved by proximity to a Gainsborough, and the general arrangement of the whole collection is rendered more difficult by the necessity of observing such difficult conditions.

The Executive of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League has issued its long-expected manifesto to the women of England, and coming as it does at a moment when the Suffragettes and Suffragists have been routed on every side it should ensure the complete disappearance of the Suffragist movement. The manifesto appeals to the women of England to assist in defeating an agitation which can only be defeated with the assistance of women themselves, and it gives seven reasons against the concession of votes to women. One of the "strongest arguments" of those who are in favour of women's franchise is that the concession of the franchise is inevitable, and that an agitation of this character having once been set on foot it is impossible that it should not ultimately be successful. In dealing with this really childish idea the manifesto points out that in America a vigorous campaign in favour of Woman's Suffrage has been carried on for at least forty years, and that, in spite of this fact, the women of America are as far as ever from obtaining or even desiring the vote. The compilers of the manifesto might with even greater force have pointed to the case of France. The *féministe* movement in France dates from the French Revolution. It is as perennial as the Baconian theory on the authorship of Shakespeare's plays and the amiable delusion that the earth is flat. But in spite of the entirely revolutionary changes which have taken place in France the movement for giving votes to women in that country (which has always been distinguished by the supremacy and triumphant glorification of women) is almost moribund. Suffragettes and Suffragists may rest assured that there are at least a million men in England who will die in the last ditch rather than give them the vote. This is not because they dislike or distrust them, but because, on the contrary, they love, admire, and revere them.

We are glad to see that Mr. Charles Whibley, the author of "American Sketches" (Blackwood) endorses the conclusions that have been expressed from time to time in *THE ACADEMY* as to the *ethos* of the United States. Mr.

Whibley, it is true, makes a reserve in favour of New England, which, as he says, is strikingly like Old England, and as strikingly unlike the rest of America. Here there are still repose, peaceful villages, quiet and decent folk; the grimy paw of Industrialism has not yet befouled the land. But here is Chicago:

The nearer the train approaches Chicago the drearier becomes the aspect. You are hauled through mile after mile of rubbish and scrap-heap. You receive an impression of sharp-edged flints and broken bottles. . . . The first impression of Chicago and the last is of an unfinished monstrosity. It might be a vast railway station built for men and women 20ft. high. . . . In its suggestion of horror Chicago is democratic. The rich and poor alike suffer from the prevailing lack of taste. The proud "residences" on the Lake Shore are no pleasanter to gaze upon than the sully skyscrapers. Some of them are prison-houses; others make a sad attempt at gaiety; all are amazingly unlike the dwelling-houses of men and women. Yet their owners are very wealthy. . . . The streets are as untidy as the houses; garbage is dumped in the unfinished roadways; and in or out of your hotel you will seek comfort in vain. . . . There will be nothing to show the wandering New Zealander but a broken city, which was a scrap-heap before it was built; and the wandering New Zealander may be forgiven if he proclaim the uselessness of size and progress, if he ask how it has profited a city to buy and sell all the corn in the world, and in its destruction to leave not a wrack of comeliness behind.

There are many such pictures in this interesting and most instructive book. There is the chapter on the Press of America, for instance, and one of its first sentences runs:

No civilised country in the world has been content with papers so grossly contemptible as those which are read from New York to the Pacific Coast. The journal known as *Yellow* would be a disgrace to dusky Timbuctoo, and it is difficult to understand the state of mind which can tolerate them.

Mr. Whibley is, it seems, inclined on the whole to agree with a contributor to *THE ACADEMY*, who declared that it was not so much wickedness but imbecility that was the distinguishing note of the United States. Not that wickedness is wanting:—

Not long since there appeared in a Sunday paper a full list, with portraits and biographies, of all the ladies in New York who are habitual drunkards.

And "editorials" inciting to rapine and rebellion are amongst the standing features of some of the most popular journals. But on the whole, Mr. Whibley says, sheer drivelling idiocy is the great note of the Press; you are told that "A baby can educate a man," and again that "Last week's baby will surely talk some day."

We are not inclined to agree with Mr. Whibley in his diagnosis of the case. He is of opinion that the "*Yellow Papers*" are written to supply the needs of half-educated immigrants who cannot understand decent English, who require the "picture-writing" of the frantic headline. But surely this is unfair to the old countries. If the Slav and the Italian, for instance, have shown no signs of lunacy in their own countries, it seems rather hard to charge them with the manias that flourish in America; an Englishman whose knowledge of French is imperfect does not on that account demand to be provided with French drivel, though he may desire a French that is simple and direct. We are afraid that the Anglo-Saxon must bear the blame for his own masterpiece of folly and evil; and here lies the moral of these "*American Sketches*" for ourselves. Instead of thanking heaven that we are not as the Americans, let us rather take care that we do not become like them. The suburbs of Chicago may not be delicious, but there are suburbs in England which are distinctly capable of improvement, and if the English Press is not *Yellow*, there are certainly cases in which it is not white. The doings of America are like the doings of the Israelites according to St. Paul, they are written for our ensample. If we wish to descend to the Pit, the way is made clear to us.

TO OLIVE

When I am dead you shall not doubt or fear,
Or wander nightly in the halls of gloom.
The moon will shine into my empty room,
And in the narrow garden flowers will peer,
While you look through your window. Scarce a tear
Will drench your child's blue eyes, while on my tomb,
Where the red roses wake and break and bloom,
The stars gaze down eternal and austere.

And I, in the dark ante-room of Death,
Will wait for you with ever-outstretched hands
And ears strained for your little timid feet;
And in the listening darkness, when your breath
Pants in distress, my arms will be like bands
And all my weakness like your winding-sheet.

A. D.

REVIEWS

TRAGEDY IN ENGLISH LITERATURE

Tragedy. By ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE. "Types of English Literature." (Constable, 6s. net.)

It would be a comparatively easy task to write a history of English Tragedy if it were not for Shakespeare. He is the mountain which disconcerts the traveller in his quest, the sea which appears to stretch away illimitably and is apt to allure him into a well-contented sojourn by the shore, with but casual excursions into the wide continent of his inquiry. The literary historian, dealing with such a subject as this, is tempted to write with his eye only upon Shakespeare, both in prospect and retrospect. Unless he is capable of a rare detachment, Shakespeare will become all-engrossing. This huge, dominant figure overshadows all others—how can one help regarding as the greatest influence upon the drama the dramatist to whom we owe incomparably the greatest work?

Mr. Ashley H. Thorndike does not appear wholly to have escaped this obsession. Mr. Thorndike is Professor of English in Columbia University, and his book may be accepted as a creditable specimen of professorial ability. It is written with manifest pains, and forms on the whole a useful survey of a large and fascinating subject. What it lacks, however, is that happy discrimination of phrase, that luminous glow, that touch of gusto, which are not out of place even in literary history, and which cause the fortunate Reviewer to sit up late o' nights to devour the pages. But this is merely a roundabout way of saying that a line by Mr. Swinburne, for instance, in almost any sonnet of his upon the old dramatists, is of a value far greater than the careful estimates of Mr. Thorndike.

A failure in literary perspective such as we have hinted above is, if natural, nevertheless regrettable. It involves a misconception of Shakespeare himself, as well as an injustice to his contemporaries. His genius is regarded as so importunate, so uniquely personal and transcendent, as to be outside and above all attempt at definition and classification. The best of critics have assisted in raising this difficulty until we have come to think, in effect, that so far as Shakespeare is concerned whatever is right. We judge the drama in reference to him and not him in reference to the drama. Smoke of our own worship, steam of our own panegyric, have smothered our poor wits. Æsthetic "appreciation" has grown almost maudlin in its extremity of delicate interpretation. If only it were possible to write of English drama apart from Shakespeare the literary historian's task would be enormously simplified. Shakespeare's greatness is, of

course, accepted as unappraisable save by those who seek the cheap distinction of heresy, but it is not wholly profane to point out that, so far as English dramatic history is concerned, his influence was hardly greater than that of other men of his time.

All this is not as clear as it should be in Professor Thorndike's book. Nor is the fact sufficiently emphasised that the sudden and astonishing efflorescence of the drama was contemporaneous with the magnificent efflorescence of pure letters. Denied the liberal exercise of blank verse—so admirably competent to express the "irregularity" of the national genius—it would be hard to imagine the possible development of the dramatic activity of the time. The worst of the Elizabethan dramatists were essentially poets. In the crudest of tragedies as in the coarsest of comedies you find loveliest gleams of poetry, pure and absolute. We are tempted to say that the impulse to playwriting was, primarily, poetic rather than dramatic. Is it not significant that, with the later general divorce of poetry from drama, drama has fallen into an intellectual decline? Professor Thorndike, in a reference to Browning's dramatic failures, has an inkling of this, but he seems to miss the full import of his own suggestion.

It is the drawback to a special book on tragedy, as distinct from the drama in general, that tragedy has not a separate development and distinct history. Here we have spoken of the drama at large, because what we have said is, we believe, true of tragedy and comedy alike. It is, we freely admit, fatally easy to generalise upon so vast and valuable a harvest as that of the brief, felicitous, Elizabethan day, which may indeed be called palmy; it is easy for one's judgment to be thwarted by enthusiasm. The bloody and furious tragedies of that time were the apt expression of a vitality—a national vitality—robust rather than discriminating, effusive rather than restrained; and to look for a revival of that great Elizabethan form of tragedy as a modern medium of expression is as foolish as to expect the abundant curiosity and energy of three centuries since in the shopkeepers of Cheapside. Times and the voice of the times change. There is a great gulf fixed between the old playwrights and the playwrights of our own time. They seized upon the vivid, tangled life that swept round them, and flourished it forth in a hundred bold designs of intense humanity; hence the splendid verisimilitude of their manifold creations. And tragedy specially flourished because life and the sense of life's wondrousness abounded. Allow as much as you will for the "glamour" which a great past always holds, it is still clear that there was an extraordinary vitality, national as well as individual, a bold incontinence of emotion and impulse, which inevitably found its most liberal utterance in verse, in verse of the stage, and chiefly there in tragedy. For the sense of tragedy is strong in youth. Youth, busy and perpetually curious and perpetually challenging, feels supremely the courage, terror, poignance of life, the menace and darkness, the disgrace of death. When that flushing national activity had passed the heyday of tragedy had passed; thereafter is but a petty record of persistent diminution, the full stream trickling obscurely away in the dolorous confusion of broken, unnavigable waters upon which it were impossible to sail the merest theory. Professor Thorndike, who has sedulously traced the beginnings of tragedy (and of the general national drama), followed it in full course and noted the stealthy invasion of foreign influence, is able to say but little of the drama that shall be. It would almost seem that we have reached a point in its development when the continuity is (apparently) broken, and fresh characteristics abruptly assert themselves, utterly disconcerting of all speculation and prophecy. True to-day Ibsen is pointed to as a commanding, unquestionable answer to all doubts of the present and apprehensions of the future of English drama; but we find ourselves wondering what is the present effective value of Ibsen's sombre work in tragedy. For tragedy we have "conversations," or frank, hearty melodrama; and even melodrama seems to be losing its hold upon the simple imagination of the throng. Is it that a new and

potent drama—whether of tragedy or comedy is really irrelevant—will only appear when we receive, as we feebly pretend to expect, a new inspiration of poetry? Will the drama a second time rise with a renascent poetry, and something clear and memorable be resolved out of the weltering perplexity of the time? On this absorbing question our author only speaks with a cautious vagueness; yet who can speak otherwise? But there is one great influence at work which might well have tempted him into serious and possibly valuable, speculation. This is the day of the novel. The novel has shown just that voracious power of assimilation which was once displayed by the drama. Is the drama to remain as it is now—in a secondary position among current forms of creative activity? The tragic genius of our own great living novelist, Mr. Hardy, is expressed almost exclusively in novels, and it were hard to believe that his work has suffered by the medium. It is the loss—an incalculable loss—of the theatre of to-day that there has been alienated from it the energy of the most creative writers.

A PRESS PULPITEER

Guesses at Truths. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY. (Hurst and Blackett, 6s.)

THE title of this book is amusingly inappropriate for the greater part of its contents. "Knock-down Blows with a Cudgel" would be much nearer the mark, except when Mr. Murray was dilating on his favourite topics of telepathy and spooks, and dreams and religion. Then his guesses were generally not of such a startling character as would surprise or shock the average Briton, for whom he wrote these essays in the *Referee*. On imperialism and socialism, pauperism, poverty, education, the Navy, the Colonies, Home Rule he was just as dogmatic and emphatic as a vigorous journalist of the older school with a rather ponderous style and vocabulary could be. "Merlin" has been spoken of as a courageous and fearless thinker who pursued truth in the columns of the *Referee* week after week in defiance of orthodoxy and consequences. On the whole we must say this is hardly the impression produced by these reprinted pieces.

Mr. Murray remembered discreetly enough his *métier* of journalist, and he took care not to wander very widely from the general tone and policy of the paper for which he was writing. He is not by any means so unconventional in his matter and conclusions as his predecessor in the "Handbook" department, Mr. Nesbitt, the author of "The Human Machine" and "The Insanity of Genius," had been. Mr. Murray was brought up in the very accommodating theology of the Dissenters. He was a disciple of George Dawson—the Dr. Parker and Rev. Mr. Campbell in one—of Birmingham, and a eulogy on him is one of the noticeable passages in this book. There is a certain air of being at once devout and open-minded and liberal in this school of Cowper-Templeism which serves very well for a writer on the mysteries of nature and religion in the pages of a popular journal. He can affect a superiority to all dogma, as the ordinary man knows nothing about it, without offending the religious feelings which the ordinary man always prides himself on possessing uncorrupted by any definite system of theology. No one could have written week after week on the variety of subjects wrestled with in Mr. Murray's "Handbook" to anything like a critical audience of any one of those subjects. But his audience was not critical, any more than their teacher was an expert on the metaphysics, theology, science, sociology, and politics with which he pleased them so long. We are not sneering at their pleasure in these articles, for we also confess that we looked forward to them as a regular feature of the Sunday's meditations. It is no slight praise of Mr. Murray's ability and the variety of his information that he could make such subjects as popular and as interesting reading as were the other columns in his paper where many writers of ability dealt with the theatre and sport and the lighter topics of the day. Mr. Murray was a

preacher to a general audience, and we must not expect from him, any more than from the popular pulpit preacher, fineness of thought or of style. It is a great deal if he directs their thoughts to a range of ideas that lie outside their ordinary attention, and stimulates the imagination which would "fust unused" in the material circumstances of their daily life. Mr. Murray did this for his readers; and if he were not competent, either from his own limitations or from the nature of his subjects, to answer the questions he wrote about with so much journalistic facility, his suggestions were those of an experienced, earnest, high-minded, and in many ways a cultivated man. We have no doubt that he influenced very considerably the class of readers for whom he wrote; they will set the same kind of store on these reprinted pieces as they would on the reprinted sermons of a favourite preacher. What precisely the influence was may be rather dubious. Rather sceptical we fancy on the side of positive religions, but certainly tending by Mr. Murray's evidently sincere belief in "psychical phenomena" to counteract the materialism of much of the popular science which reaches the ordinary man. Mr. Murray came down "on the side of the angels," though he left a good deal unexpressed to be read between the lines which would not have been quite so edifying if written out full. But he had got further away in politics than in religion from the associations of his early days. Radicals and Liberals, with their Free Trade and anti-Imperialism, their Nonconformist education policy, and Socialist tendencies, had become as irritating to him as to some of his colleagues on the *Referee*, whose early training had been very much like his own. It is on these subjects that Mr. Murray lets himself go most frankly and sincerely; and his utterances, so far from being guesses at truths, were pontifical in their positiveness. They were congenial to the readers whom Mr. Murray addressed, and this reprint will be a memorial prized by his former hebdomadal audience.

ON COLLECTING

Byways of Collecting. By ETHEL DEANE. (Cassell and Co., 7s. 6d.)

How to Collect Continental China. By C. H. WYLDE. (George Bell and Sons, 6s.)

IN a modest and humble spirit the first dealers in Oriental porcelain made their appearance. Addison says: "The potters of China have, it seems, their factors at this distance, who retail out their several manufactures for cast cloathes and superannuated garments. I have known a petticoat metamorphosed into a punch-bowl and a pair of breeches into a teapot." This statement, made, as it is, at the best period of Oriental porcelain, must cause a pang to the non-affluent among modern devotees of old "blue and white" or Ch'ien Lung. Much amusing information about the start of the fashion for "china" may be gleaned in the article from which the above quotation is taken—a paper by Addison that appeared in *The Lover* for March, 1714. He confesses his amazement at the fury with which the hobby was pursued by fashionable ladies who, when visited by this passion for "ware of a frail and transitory nature," were, he says, generally taken possession of for life. Their desires, easily satisfied by the sacrifice of their own or their husbands' old clothes, led them astray in the pursuit of their darling quarry, and at last roused their husbands' disgust when they started to sell the "suits of cloathes" belonging to those gentlemen long before they were worn out. He argues that the craze was the result of luxury grown so wanton that the treasure became more valuable the more easily they could be deprived of it. These "women of great and generous souls" scorned the useful products of the British potteries because "they are intolerably cheap and most shamefully durable and lasting."

The present mode for collecting articles of more or less decorative value is a result of the general awakening which

started in the æsthetic movement of the 'eighties—an awakening to the value of the beautiful and an appreciation of the intrinsically æsthetic. Before that time the modern type of collector (the collector of small *objets d'art*, in contrast with the founders of picture-galleries and the collectors of things generally on a large scale) was a comparatively rare appearance, and he benefited by his discernment in being able to satisfy his desires at a very modest outlay. Maybe the spirit that now urges us to collect is the modern equivalent to the lure of the treasure-hunt, which drew so strongly the more adventurous among our forefathers. It would be difficult nowadays to charter a ship and solemnly start for some island with a reputation for hidden gold; we must content our modern selves with cruising unadventurously on the High Streets of country towns, with exploring the dusty recesses of shops, and with suffering the joyful disappointment of detecting—it is to be hoped before purchase—the subtle signs and marks of a plausible forgery. There is for us the ever-living hope of finding "something good," the joy of the chase of the elusive bargain.

The publishers have seen their opportunity in this modern hobby, and are producing numbers of books dealing with collectable articles, and these two, among the latest published, should make a popular appeal. They are both of a high standard, and answer completely the purpose for which they are designed—to help the amateur who does not aspire to be a connoisseur.

"Continental China" contains much detailed information about the history of the various European potteries, and is of great interest in that it gives, besides a very good account of the well-known French potteries, an exhaustive description of the rarer and less-known varieties of Continental china. Miss Deane's book is written for the collector who takes his hobby from a decorative point of view, who gathers his treasures to adorn a house rather than to bury them in portfolios and locked cupboards. For this reason she has not specialised particularly on any one branch of collecting, but has given a great deal of useful information in a short form on the acquisition of china, prints, furniture, glass, and silver, chiefly of the eighteenth century, for the moment the fashionable period. It is, of course, impossible to deal exhaustively with all the subjects in the narrow limits of a single volume, but the average collector who does not aspire to the knowledge of an authority can gather from this book a very safe general idea of the value, period, and authenticity of his own treasures or those he wishes to make his own. There is, however, one piece of advice in the introduction that we have no hesitation in warning the inquiring beginner not to take too literally. Interesting as Miss Deane's advice is, one might wish she had given a more gentle, even if less convincing, test to distinguish between hard and soft paste, for the only help she gives with regard to that important difference is:

If objects in hard-paste be broken, the fracture is clean and sharp like glass, and if held to the light looks clear and transparent. . . . Suppose, for instance, he were to be offered a piece of Oriental hard-paste, as, say, "Old Chelsea," he would at once know it to be a fraud, judged by these tests.

Truly all things are possible, but all things are not expedient.

AN EPOCH OF IRISH HISTORY

The Making of Ireland and its Undoing, 1200-1600. By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

MRS. GREEN's book will be a revelation to many readers. Those familiar with the condition of Ireland at the present day will find it difficult to realise that it was once the centre of an affluent and highly-developed civilisation, a land of populous towns and crowded waterways, a land in which the Arts flourished, where Learning had her established seats, and Commerce her well-thronged marts. To-day in the country districts the traveller is hourly confronted with ruined and dismantled cottages. Small farmsteads (boarded up and with the grass growing on the

hearthstones), untilled fields, and silent villages—these make up a picture of unspeakable desolation. Even Dublin seems a city of the dead, its stately buildings alone bearing eloquent and pathetic witness to a once prosperous past. In the face of this desolation the average Englishman is apt, with unwarranted complacency, to attribute the present condition of Ireland to some ineradicable defect in what is vaguely but conveniently referred to as the "Celtic temperament." "They went forth to battle, but they always fell," he will say, clinching the matter with a well-worn quotation. Far different, however, is the verdict of history. It is now nearly a century since Sydney Smith wrote:

The moment the very name of Ireland is mentioned the English seem to bid adieu to common feeling, common prudence, common sense, and to act with the barbarity of tyrants and the fatuity of idiots,

and since that time it would be vain to deny that a better understanding has arisen between the two countries, which not even the excesses of fanatics on both sides have succeeded in disturbing. But it is none the less true that the history of English legislation in Ireland for countless generations was a history of tyranny and oppression, as short-sighted as it was brutal, and it is well that we should be reminded of the fact that the Irishman of the past was very far indeed from being the "savage" of popular tradition.

Mrs. Green's object in this volume has been—

To gather together some records of the civilisation of Ireland before the immense destruction of the Tudor wars; to trace her progress in industry, in wealth, and in learning; and to discover the forces that ruined her national life.

She writes avowedly as a partisan—the reader is never left in doubt for a moment as to the side on which her sympathies lie—and a certain vehemence of expression may be occasionally detected in these pages. It is at the worst a pardonable fault; but, after all, the main business of the historian is with the accurate presentment of facts. Certainly it is due to Mrs. Green to say that she has been at considerable pains to make the record as complete as possible. Numberless documents have been searched and transcribed, countless authorities consulted, with the result that the volume is likely to remain as a permanent and indispensable contribution to the study of Irish history.

The fourteenth and fifteenth centuries would appear to have been the flowering time of Ireland's commerce, industry, and culture. Her fisheries were world-renowned. Her merchants carried on a thriving trade with England and with the Continental nations. Her cloth was in great demand, and we read that the Catalonians, who used none but the finest dyes, "sought the secret of the Irish colours as well as of their fabrics." Irish serge—"Saia d'Irlanda"—was worn in Bologna, in Genoa, in Como, and in Florence. The natural resources of the country were considerable, and a large and increasing trade was carried on in agricultural produce. Learning was encouraged, and both at Oxford and at the Irish Universities Irish scholars distinguished themselves. Mrs. Green has included in this volume a most interesting list of Irish translations from Latin, French, or Spanish—a list which represents but a fraction of the literary activity manifested in mediæval and Tudor times. The poet was held in the highest veneration and esteem until, under the despotic rule of Henry VIII., the "spoiling of the rhymers" began.

It was in the reign of that sturdy champion of Protestantism and the "Open Bible" that the first organised attempt to denationalise Ireland was made. A series of sumptuary laws proved singularly ineffective, but they were renewed to some purpose in the time of Elizabeth:

In Elizabeth's wars her soldiers were clothed, as far as possible, in Irish dress, as more convenient and suitable, and only distinguished in battle from the "savages" by a red cross on back and front. So the spectacle was seen of English soldiers in Irish dress tearing cloaks and tunics from Irishmen as treasonable, and from women the linen rolls that covered their heads.

A yet more discreditable exhibition took place in county Galway:

A fellow named Hurd, who was promoted, I hear, from his carpenter's shop to a lieutenantcy in the army, was Governor of Galway in the absence of Peter Stubbs, the Superintendent of Commerce, who had once been a pedlar.

Hurd, "under the prompting of some evil spirit," ordered that no woman in Galway should wear her Irish cloak:

But lo! next day the unseemly exhibition in the streets of Galway—most of the women appearing in men's coats—high-born ladies, who had been plundered of all their property by the rapacious soldiers, sinking with shame before the gaze of the public, with their ragged or patched clothes, and sometimes with embroidered table-covers, or a stripe of tapestry torn down from the walls, or some lappets cut from the bed-curtains, thrown over their head and shoulders. Other women covered their shoulders only, with blankets or sheets, or table-cloths, or any other sort of wrapper they could lay their hands on. You would have taken your oath that all Galway was a masquerade, the unrivalled home of scenic buffoons, so irresistibly ludicrous were the varied dresses of the poor women.

The very appliances of civilisation were turned against the unfortunate Irish, the first printing-press being used to produce the new Service-book that was to be forced on a Catholic population. So the evil work of repression went on, its effects being seen in centuries of hatred and misunderstanding. The story of the final subjugation of Ireland as revealed in these pages is a fascinating, albeit to English readers a saddening, record. It is a record, too, fraught with lessons for the future.

PFEFFERKUCHEN

The Fundamental Truths of the Christian Religion. By DR. REINHOLD SEEBERG. Translated by the REV. G. E. THOMSON and CLARA WALLENTIN. Edited by the REV. W. D. MORRISON. (Williams and Norgate, 5s.)

THE Broad Church cooks and the bakers of theological fancy bread in this country, finding that the public have small appetite for their light-weight wares, are continually trying to educate us into voracity by importing gilt gingerbread from the Fatherland. Berlin, we are told, consumes these viands with hungry fervour, and the Rector of Marylebone lets us know that there is moderate Modernism and Ritschl under proof in the material. Hegel's name is used to guarantee its wholesomeness, and we are bidden to buy and eat. As a matter of fact, analysis quickly tells us that the cake is made out of a kind of sour seconds, a damaged flour which is repeatedly used by our own Protestant writers, and, except that it contains a few more literary flavours and different from theirs, it has little to recommend it. One hopes at least for accuracy in a Berlin Professor, even if one does not expect catholicity, but the book has no such merit. "Darwin's Evolutionary Theory" has not "transferred its triumphal march to history." The Romans did not persecute Christians because "they asserted they possessed the one absolute religion." Minds were not more "oppressed" in the Middle Ages than before or since. "Hierarchical sacerdotalism" was not "bolstered up by natural science deduced from the Bible," and "the Divine spirit of the Book was not suppressed where and however it appeared in life." The corn in Egyptian tombs has not "kept its life-power for thousands of years." Arius did not picture the Logos "as a demi-god or hero." It is incorrect to say that "man can only serve God or himself," or that our Lord lived "a double life," or that He "became the Lord," or that in the struggle of the soul "marvellous means of help are not to be expected—angels do not descend from heaven to help us," or that the Christian warfare is "the struggle of self-maintenance and nothing else." Indeed, the whole view of what the author calls Christianity is an incorrect and inadequate view. Why will people keep using the word Christianity? The Church we know, the faith we know, the holy life we know, at a distance; but what is Christianity? It is, we are assured, a captivating inspiration

which breaks the fetters of force and matter, gives us God as a goal which we also designate the Kingdom of God, and supplies us with faith and love. All this is delightful, but how does Christianity bring it about? Not by dogmas, faith being, of course, faith in nothing in particular—and dogmas only came in to please the Gnostics. Harnack himself has said so. The Apostles were so frankly ridiculous that they started to evangelise the world with no evangel in particular, intending, like the Rev. John Carter and the musk-rat, merely to create an atmosphere. But now we have dogmas, even in that Church whose one foundation is Martin Luther; and the dogmas are so flexible, they are noses of wax. The Son of God is Divine, because He experiences God. Sin is what says No to God, and is its own punishment. The Divine Will:

Created the Man Jesus as its Organ—that is the last and deepest significance of the very ancient historical tradition that Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary—

which is obviously *ben trovato*. The work of Christ was "to subdue the hearts of individuals by faith." The Church is a thoroughly disjointed skeleton of mingled and mangled sects, and "the prophetic eye of the Apostle saw in them a unity"—most cleverly! It consists of "those men whom God makes subject to His sway—so that we pop in and out of it all day long. The cause of Christianity is furthered firstly by preaching, and "there is only one office necessary in the Church—the preacher's office." Secondly, there is a harmless pastime called Baptism which "transmits to the soul nothing else than the word of evangelic preaching brings it," and does assuredly not infuse "germs of new life," for "what could that mean?" Thirdly, "there is the Lord's Supper, when He is present to His disciples, as on that evening, in living nearness, with the gifts and blessings of His New Covenant"—which one would have thought was, if true, worth more than one page (275), and certainly more than all the sermons of all Berlin, even with Potsdam thrown in. It is useless to analyse further. If this is the Catholic Faith, the Church of England, at least, has never held it. If it is not, why does the Rector of Marylebone import and frank it; or why does he still feed those poor sheep with contradictions?

EXHUMED PIECES

Miscellaneous Papers, Plays, and Poems by Charles Dickens.
Edited by B. W. MATZ. Two Vols. (Chapman and Hall, 12s. net.)

THE contents of these substantial volumes are mainly the papers contributed by Dickens to various periodicals, such as the *Morning Chronicle* and *The Examiner*, and a large number of articles written by him for the journals in his own charge. It is not an absolutely new collection, since it was included in the expensive "National Edition" of the great novelist's work lately issued; but it is new to the general reader, being put forward as supplementary to the well-known "Gadshill Edition."

In a curious note accompanying the volumes the publishers inform us that "the majority of the *Household Words* articles have only recently been discovered for the first time;" and inevitably the action of publishers and editor in sending out the book revives an ancient question of literary propriety. Mr. B. W. Matz, the organiser (is he not?) of a Dickens Society and editor of a Dickens paper, is responsible for the exhumation of these well-buried essays of a man of genius. We are perfectly well aware that men of genius, who are capable of the divinest of human actions, are commonly reckoned incapable of managing their own humblest affairs; and therefore the posthumous industry of lesser men is surely to be commended. Now Mr. Matz, busying himself out of a real and boundless enthusiasm for Dickens's reputation, with the propagation of the Dickens gospel, has discovered certain papers and sketches which other busybodies failed to identify. Apparently the

question suggested itself—Shall they be collected and republished as worthy the authentic pen of Dickens? To this question Mr. Matz replies (a) that he does not offer any estimate of their comparative value in the scheme of Dickens's work; and (b) that his object has been to gather together all Dickens's writings that can be said to be worthy. So that, although he declines (wisely, no doubt) to concern himself with the "comparative value" of these unearthed pieces, he is nevertheless convinced that they are "worthy"—and accordingly prints them. Yet since cantankerous critics may cavil at his action, he fortifies it by saying that the scattered writings of other authors have been so gathered together and added to existing editions. That is perfectly true. The literary scrap-heap has been searched diligently, for instance, for the least morsel of Keats's verse, or for Lamb's work; pious editors have of late years been occupied in zealous rivalry for the privilege of printing this or that bit of prose or fragment of a letter. Whether this is right or wrong, whether or no it has been justified by the value of the discoveries—i.e., by what Mr. Matz calls their "comparative value"—it is not necessary for us here to say. The justification in these cases is to be found in the value which the "finds" have for the close student, since they show the growing cunning, the increasing facility of the practised hand; since, in short, they exhibit that which is so astonishing, even incredible, to our poor wits—the development of genius. But Mr. Matz, as if anxious to disclaim any possible excuse, points out that

The majority of these articles, essays, and stories are not the efforts of immaturity, but the work of a great writer composed during the prime of his literary career.

Mr. Matz anticipates the objection that Dickens himself collected and republished, under the title of "Reprinted Pieces," as many of the *Household Words* articles as he thought worth preserving by saying it is more than likely that Dickens was content to gather together just sufficient material to fill a volume. But since Dickens, knowing there was material for two volumes, contented himself with one, by what right (we humbly ask) do Mr. Matz and his publishers defy the (inferentially) flat negative of the author by collecting what he did not collect? By what right do they add "Exhumed Pieces" to "Reprinted Pieces"? Mr. Matz answers this by saying that the papers are useful as definite indications of Dickens's political opinions, and of his anxiety to reform the political and social wrongs of his day. On this ground the papers are entirely superfluous. Every one who will give himself the pleasure of dipping again into the novels here and there will discover clearly enough his political opinions, his sympathy with the poor, his honourable indignation, his frequent acerbity and occasional savageness. Every one will know that in the vast, confused spaciousness of his work there is plenty of poor stuff, hardly a book without sad lapses and tedious trifling; and most of these lapses are poor and tedious because they are the expression of his social sympathies and reforming proclivities. Let there be an end to the nonsense about Dickens. No one will deny his quickness of heart and valiant readiness of compassion, but if he is to live at all (as live he will) it will not be as a social reformer or political paladin, but as that rarer wonder—a great novelist.

We come, then, to the simple question of the value of these pieces as prose literature, since, if their republication is not justified on that ground, it cannot be justified on any. Emphatically do we say that, with but two or three exceptions presently to be noted, these articles are not worth preserving. To compare them with what Dickens did preserve is to convince oneself that his judgment of the matter is surely to be trusted. We protest we will yield to no one in a proper appreciation of this great novelist, but we will not defy common sense by admitting no distinction in our admiration or proportion in the object of it. And we can no more accept the decision of the editor of the *Dickensian* as to what should or should not be reprinted than we can accept the opinion of a Browning Society upon the work of their master.

But we must say more than this. There is work here which cannot but tend to the depreciation of Dickens's true genius. It is mere journalism, and as journalism neither particularly good nor particularly bad. We think it is Mrs. Meynell who very justly combats the still prevalent idea that Dickens betrays no sense of style. He had, indeed, a real sense of prose—a sense of the vitality of words rather than that elegant fastidiousness which is all that certain critics understand by style. But of this characteristic excellence there is hardly a trace here. The only exceptions we would make—in fact, the only exceptions to our general complaint against Mr. Matz—are one or two papers, such as the tribute to Thackeray—as just in phrase as it is generous in conception—and the longer but hardly less interesting article upon Landor. These justify themselves; but, on the other hand, there are foolish diatribes against the Church of Rome which were not at all creditable to Dickens when he gave them a periodical circulation, and which are utterly discreditable to the judgment and the loyalty of the editor of these volumes.

We have dealt thus fully with the question of literary propriety involved in the present publication because it seems to us that it has been issued in flagrant disregard of the responsibility resting upon any man who presumes to add to the Dickens memorial. We will not say that we deprecate the diligence of Mr. Matz in searching forgotten periodicals for lost masterpieces. But, having exhumed these pages and marked (not without tears) their pallid, earthen state, he should (not without tears) have secretly reinterred them, and for ever held his peace. For one of two reasons he has chosen otherwise—either because he is incompetent to judge of them, or because, seeing clearly the proper course to adopt, he has callously declined to adopt it. In either case it is an act of vandalism to dig these things out from their damp, discreet oblivion and thrust them forward in the great company of Dickens's creation. It is an act of literary impiety.

A HANDY TOOL

Personalism. By BORDEN PARKER BOWNE. (Constable, 6s. net.)

THE Hegelian philosophers have produced great cranes, mighty crushing-machines, and large guns, but hitherto they have not manufactured anything which could open an oyster, crack a nut, or pistol a sparrow. This book is most welcome as a handy tool for light work. It supplies a need. It is well finished, well balanced, and of tough quality, and can be safely put into the hands of any diligent, intelligent person who may be tempted to despair of metaphysic altogether, or to read the living universe in terms of dead iron mechanism, or to look with raised hair and chattering teeth upon the bogies of boundless space and illimitable time. Mr. Robert Blatchford, the *so-disant* determinist, and other followers of Haeckel, if they inquired here would hear of something to their unmixed advantage. The weary, dreary wailers, the pessimists, the unpilled gentlemen of small faith and swollen livers, would find their money well laid out upon a book like this; and the friends of all these people, and of a great many more, could hereby open the oysters and nuts for them if they are too lazy or too stupid to do so for themselves, and could save some of the corn of faith by discharging Mr. Borden Bowne at the winged thieves who destroy it. The book is not a great one. It does not profess to be great; but it is well executed, and designed for brave and cheerful persons who have no great philosophic training to use when they want to knock a sophistry or a numskull smartly upon the head. They will get a glimpse of the harmony between common sense, science, and philosophy. They will see placards of "Ride with caution" posted in dangerous places; they will learn that certain lions in the path are chained, and they will get the refreshment of a cool and limpid style, and be directed towards tracks where heavier thinkers have

moved mountains and filled chasms. Other people who have, like the author, already found the transcendental empiricism, will be grateful for the succinct way in which the author puts the common conclusion. "Kant passes from 'me' to 'us' without telling us how he makes the transition." "If our aim were only to talk without much thinking, then probably the best method would be to write or pronounce the word 'potentiality' and its derivatives with all possible gravity, and consider the problem as solved." "The necessity of change means a changing necessity. If the necessity remained rigidly the same throughout the series, no reason for any change whatever could be found." "One of the humours of the history of thought is the zeal with which Hume's doctrine has been played off against religion, in complete unconsciousness of the fact that it is quite as effective against science." Perhaps the most valuable passage in the work is the pebble cast at Mr. Bradley's "Appearance and Reality." Mr. Bradley is a sort of Giant Despair astride the path of the transcendental pilgrim. He pounds the categories and relations of thought with his club into contradictions and would drive us all into the desert of abstractions, but "he fails to see that his logic would pursue him even into the absolute, unless it be personally conceived. Otherwise the absolute is simply a *deus ex machina* kept strictly behind the scenes, and worked only by stage directions from the manager."

The American spelling, of course, is hard to bear. If "skeptism" why not "mikroskope?" "Metaphysics shows" both sounds and is bad grammar. "Would" is put for "should" (p. 82, l. 7), "offense" for "offence," "unpracticed" for "unpractised" and so on; but these are motes in an eye which is not lacking in vision.

ARTISTS OF THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

Artists of the Italian Renaissance. Translated from the *Chroniclers* and arranged by E. L. SEELEY. (Chatto and Windus, 7s. 6d. net.)

THE latter-day tourist travelling in Italy is well catered for in the matter of guide-books—pictorial, literary, and otherwise. To their number must now be added Miss Seeley's "Artists of the Italian Renaissance," a book which it is a real pleasure to handle, no less than to read, so charmingly is it bound, and so well illustrated, both in colour and in half-tone. The Italian Renaissance was a time of political strife and upheaval, and Miss Seeley, in her free and abridged translation from Vasari, Ridolfi, Lanzi, and other chroniclers, weaves a series of pleasant, loosely-connected stories, showing briefly how the artists of that period were affected by their political environment, "sometimes," as she says in her preface, "themselves taking part actively in the stirring events of the time, and sometimes swept away and their works submerged by the torrent of disaster."

In Italy the rise and decline of art was ever closely associated with the prosperity and adversity of the powerful city states, and so we read of popes and princes waging war for dominion of territories and peoples to gratify an unscrupulous ambition, yet equally ardent in encouraging the production of masterpieces of art, faring forth with artists in their train.

One attractive feature of the book is an excellent index of proper names to which the inquiring may turn in their quest for information not only about the great masters, but also about those obscurer craftsmen labouring unknown to fame, whose works, dotted about the galleries and churches of Italy, sometimes compel the attention of a passer-by.

The addition of a few more dates in conspicuous places would increase the utility and interest of the work.

TWENTY FOOLISH VIRGINS

STAY us with flagons and comfort us with apples, for twenty young women, presumably sane and in their right minds, are to make "a grand educational European tour," free of all charge, under the auspices of the *Daily Mail*. It appears that the *Daily Mail* runs what it calls a "Magazine Page," which is controlled by a real live "Editress," and in her trumpety announcement with respect to the aforesaid young women the Editress most prettily refers to them as her "guests." Now "guest" is what you might term a good old word. In its day it had an honest meaning. The *Daily Mail* exhibits a genius for the degradation of words. It has degraded such words as "clever," "famous," "plucky," and "able" out of recognition. It has even degraded the simple, inoffensive note of interrogation, which in consequence may no longer be used by decent journalism. And so it is not astonishing that when the *Daily Mail* calls a woman its "guest" it is employing the term in a false, specious, and inaccurate manner. For we read that these twenty women "guests" "have been plenteously busy since January 1 canvassing for votes," and we read also that "on their behalf thousands of readers of the *Daily Mail* have been using their best endeavours to help them"—or, more precisely, to help the *Daily Mail*. A "guest" who puts in six months of "plenteous" labour for you before you invite him is obviously a "guest" indeed. And our "guests," be it noted, have been "canvassing for votes." Here again we are brought face to face with a further trifle of *Daily Mailish* euphemism or sophistry, inasmuch as the *Daily Mail's* twenty young women have not really been "canvassing for votes," but canvassing for subscriptions to the *Daily Mail*. In point of fact the *Daily Mail* itself, and not the public, has done the voting, and has exchanged votes for subscriptions at the rate of 1,000 votes for every twelve months' subscriptions of 26s. The total number of votes polled by the *Daily Mail's* twenty "guests" and hundreds of other canvassers who have "nearly but not quite succeeded in the struggle" comes out at 20,565,437. Consequently the *Daily Mail* "guests" and "would-be" guests have brought into the Harmsworth coffers a matter of a cool £20,500. And the circulation of the *Daily Mail* has been increased by 20,000 copies, which latter fact is no doubt being put to very profitable use by the advertising department of the journal. We believe that it is safe to state the actual profit value of the *Daily Mail* over the transaction at not less than £15,000. In return for this sum the *Daily Mail* takes twenty women for a three weeks' trip by arrangement with Messrs. Cook and Son, which means that the *Daily Mail* may have to disburse to Messrs. Cook a matter of, say, £600 at the outside. In addition to this they are paying £150 in the way of consolation prizes. If we subtract £750 from £15,000 we get a net balance of £14,250 handed over to the *Daily Mail* for absolutely nothing at all. So much for our twenty "guests" and their grand educational European tour. It has been said by an American philosopher that you can fool the public, but that you cannot fool it all the time. The *Daily Mail* has been fooling the women of England for a clean six months, which, in view of the current feminine claim to profound wisdom, is a fairly creditable record.

If the matter ended with the carting of these twenty ill-advised *Daily Mail* "guests" round Europe, and the jobbing of a gratuitous £14,000 by the Harmsworth firm we might perhaps be inclined to leave fools to their follies and craft to its gains. But the evil of the thing does not terminate here. We gather that the twenty "guests" are for the most part women of some education and culture. One of them, indeed, has had her photograph taken in a

college cap; several describe themselves as being engaged in educational work; others lay claim to a taste for architecture, or painting, or music, or the "tending of flowers." Clearly, therefore, these women are possessed of sufficient mentality to know that if you do not go in when it rains you are likely to get wet. And any woman who knows this much knows that when she is canvassing for subscriptions for the *Daily Mail* she engages herself in a work of the most dubious kind. Even if we pass over the lovers of art and flower-tending, who, for aught we know to the contrary, may be sweet, unoffending souls, without a thought in their heads other than the compassing of a "free" holiday, it is impossible for us to forgive the educational workers, who must be aware that the Harmsworth journals, from the *Daily Mail* downwards, constitute the chiefest and most subtle enemies of education in this country. By 20,000 copies per diem these twenty women and the like of them have extended the circulation of the *Daily Mail*. It is a woeful thought for them to take with them on their grand educational European tour. In the final summing it were better for a woman to have toiled vacationless in the dingiest of Board Schools for the rest of her natural life than that she should purchase a frivolous trip at such a price. The evil is done, and unfortunately it cannot be undone. Twenty thousand homes are so much the poorer, both spiritually and intellectually, in consequence. If the result be the warping, misdirection, or hurt of the minds of only a tithe of the *Daily Mail's* 20,000 new readers, the "winners" in this scandalous contest will have something on their souls. We note that the Continental tour itself does not commence until August 7th. There is therefore time for the *Daily Mail's* twenty guests to consider closely their position. Let them purchase and examine a dozen or so of the Harmsworth periodical publications. If at the close of their reading they conclude that these publications make for the intellectual wellbeing of the men, women, and children for whom they are issued they may adventure upon their hard-earned tour with a good conscience. If, on the other hand, they perceive, as we perceive, that, so far from being worthy and proper to be read in households, these journals are frivolous, thoughtless, and pernicious, and calculated to deflect the thoughts and understanding of the multitude into wrong and harmful channels, they will refrain from participating in an ill-gotten pleasure. Better Bexhill with a clean heart than Interlaken, Milan, and "lovely Lucerne" on the proceeds of the mental disintegration of one's fellows. We are sending a copy of the present issue of THE ACADEMY to the twenty *Daily Mail* "guests," and we beg of them to give serious thought to the question we have raised. We are quite aware that on the top of six months of difficult and in a sense humiliating endeavour, the repudiation of the longed-for guerdon at the last moment will be something in the nature of a bitter trial to these competitors, especially as they happen to be women. But there are times and seasons when bitterness must be accepted. The *Daily Mail's* twenty victims—for "victim" seems to us to be the only word—must include a woman or so whose intentions by the world at large are entirely good. We cannot believe that in the face of what we have said some of these women will not recognise the undesirable character of the work into which they have thrown themselves, and will consequently do their best to make amends by withdrawal from any further connection with an unworthy and deplorable movement. We all remember the Parable of the Ten Virgins, five of whom were foolish and five of whom had wisdom. The present article is headed "Twenty Foolish Virgins." We sincerely hope that some of them will decline to be foolish any longer. Let them trim their lamps and search into what it is that they have done and what they propose to do. The result will not be palatable to them. On the other hand, if they have the courage to make the sacrifice we have suggested, they may satisfy in some sort their own consciences, and at the same time deliver a square blow to the forces of frivolousness and unrighteousness.

ARS ARTIUM

I SUPPOSE that if in every generation of men from the earliest time there had been a certain number of individuals who possessed the power of flight; if some of these flying people were able to soar to vast heights, and to sustain their courses amidst the stars for a prolonged time; if others rose to equal altitudes, but were forced to descend in an hour or so; if others, again, could only compass a hundred feet of ascent; if others skimmed a foot or two above the ground—well, it seems that the deduction would be that men were meant by nature to have the power of flight, but that, by some cause or another, the property which should have belonged to all had become restricted to a few. To abandon the analogy—which, like most analogies, is imperfect enough—it seems clear that every one of us is a potential Homer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Phidias, Botticelli, and that inasmuch as we are not any or all of these great artists we are maimed and imperfect men, or, in other words, fallen men. Smith should be a Shakespeare—he was meant to be a Shakespeare, and, since he is not a Shakespeare, he is like a plum-tree which, through various causes, has degenerated and is returning to the crude and savage asperity of the wild sloe. Of course there are many stages of degeneration; Smith may have written a play which the critics say is “almost worthy of the great Elizabethan,” he may have indited a sonnet of very great beauty, he may have composed one line that “might have been uttered by Prospero,” he may be the author of an essay which “shows an almost supernatural grasp of Shakespeare’s meaning,” he may weep or laugh with instinctive sympathy as he reads, or finally, he may think the whole thing a bore and a nuisance. But in so far as he is not Shakespeare he is a fallen man. Now in all probability most people would only concede the “fallen” to the last of these hypothetical Smiths—the Smith who thinks *Romeo and Juliet* very dull reading; but the other Smiths are clearly lapsed, though they have not slipped down to the uttermost depths. For by the very fact of our comprehension of the great man’s work, by the fact of our insight into his meaning, by the facts of our tears and of our laughter, by the fact that as we read we make the lines our own, part of our hearts and minds and souls, we thereby prove our fallen state. We can understand the language; how is it then that we do not speak it? If no Englishman had ever spoken French we might reasonably conclude that the art of speaking French was impossible to an Englishman, that the Anglo-Saxon was no more meant to speak French than a thistle is meant to produce figs. But if one Englishman has spoken French perfectly, then it is clear that those who cannot do so are, *qua* French, imperfect; they lack something which they might possess—which they ought to possess—in the sphere of linguistic accomplishment. He who can read but cannot write by the very fact of his reading convicts himself of imperfection; so he who enjoys Shakespeare by the fact of his enjoyment acknowledges his fault in not being Shakespeare.

I know very well that many of my readers will have a different explanation of the matter. In my parable of the flying men I should have mentioned the circumstance that some of the highest flights recorded were of the remotest past in history. But I imagine that I shall be met from many quarters with the theory of human progress, of the continual advancement of man’s mind to higher and finer and nobler levels. And it was for the purposes of the present argument that I disproved (as I believe) this Progress Theory in the last number of *THE ACADEMY*. Then my thesis was general. I denied a steady and permanent and universal progress from the lower to the higher, from the ugly to the beautiful, from unhappiness to happiness, from unrighteousness to righteousness. I quoted more particularly the instance of the bracelet made by a savage as compared with the average jewellery of Regent Street. And this instance serves the purpose of the moment. If “gold alberts,” banal and vulgar rings, German oleographs, coloured supplements, the works of

Tupper . . . and others, the architecture of many palaces and many slums, the music of Stainer, the sculpture of the Cobden statue—if all these things belonged to the dawn of history, if the “*Odyssey*” had been written the other day, and if we had just buried the architect of Westminster Abbey—then I should accept the theory of progress. I should be willing to believe that we had been slowly mounting upward, and ever upward, that the human race was already within sight of the Promised Land, that the ape of old would ere long be transformed into the awful glories of divinity. But we know that Tupper does not belong to the Palæolithic period, and we know that the machine-made article—novel, or play, or jewel, or picture, or arm-chair—is a chief feature of our own age; so it seems to me that the theory of man ever ascending from height to height is most definitely shown to be false.

False in the arts, and therefore false in all. For, if one thinks of it, art is not an odd and clever trick like throwing three somersaults in the tenth of a second; art is at once the manifestation of man, the true speech of man, and the *differentia* of man from other animals. It has been said that the style is the man; assuredly art is the man, his utterance of himself, the means by which his true self is made incarnate in a cathedral, in an epic, in a fugue, in a statue, in a picture, or in an ornament. This is the fashion in which virtue may be said to go out of a man, by which he is constituted the arch-magician of the world, having, as Adam had, dominion over every creature, having the power to take what he will and whence he will from the whole universe, and by tones, and colours, and thoughts, and words, and the shapes of things to make for himself a great and transcendental speech—the mystery language, the incantation of art. And all that art possesses which is truly magical, all its formulas of supreme efficacy have descended to it from the remotest antiquity. It is, as Mr. Yeats has said so well, the spirit of the old ecstatic dancers, of those who saw visions and dreamed dreams, of the solitary, of the singers of strange incantation-songs, which give virtue to all the arts; it is the presence of this spirit, of this one thing needful, which makes us tolerate all the angularities, the crudities, the technical defects of many antique or primitive masterpieces. And by the way it is to be noted that man, who has so many and great privileges, has a privilege that is in a sense the strangest of all. He can, if he will, break his wand, cast away his robe of splendour, and forget all the lore of his enchantments. It is on record that the late Mr. Herbert Spencer pronounced Homer to be “boyish” and “intolerable.” It would be very remarkable if the nightingale were possessed of the power of losing its song and of assuming the hiss or the bray of certain other animals.

It is clear, then, I think, that art is coeval with man; art—or perhaps I should say the true matter of art; and that which later ages have added is in reality artifice, that which we call technique. Thus the true artist in every age goes back to the first day of man for that which is really precious and magical in his work; he is the highest artist of all who recovers most successfully the emotions of the first man, or in other words, becomes like a little child, breaking away from the prison-house of “civilisation.” And thus by another track we have come back to our first thesis that man is fallen, inasmuch as every man, according to the law of his first and true nature, should be a supreme artist. We have disproved the theory of progress, we have seen that the core and essence of all art was in the possession of primitive man, who knew the authentic charm but was often unable to utter it articulately, while we, who speak clearly enough, are only too apt to give form to banality and vulgarity. The Renaissance was the apotheosis of technique, of body divorced more or less from spirit, and one understands why Oscar Wilde—who will never be reckoned amongst those who have been indifferent to technique—detested the Renaissance and wished that it had never been. I should think that in the Celtic decorative work body and spirit were welded together as they never have been before or after; but if

one takes primitive work of a much lower range than the Cup of Armagh or the Tara Brooch, work that has something of the barbarous about it, still it will often possess a magic, an enchantment, a great mystery that is denied to the exquisite accomplishment of Benvenuto Cellini. It is this primitive magic that is the relic of the Lost Garden.

It were idle to dogmatise as to the manner in which the human spirit descended from the higher Garden to the lower, from the glorious body of Adam Kadmon to the inglorious body of an ape. It may be conjectured that the Fall was due to the assertion of the Ego, to the rebellious insurgence of the self, for the instinct of many forms of religion has set itself to the rectification of this fatal error, to the restoration of the due balance. Orthodox Buddhism (as distinct from the unholy follies of Theosophy) puts before itself this one aim; it is a mighty scheme of self-discipline, but its zeal has carried it to the opposite extreme, and it proposes as its final truth the dogma that the self is non-existent, that the belief in an Ego is a great and poisonous delusion, the cause of all the woes of the world, and by a natural corollary the object of Buddhism is to destroy the delusion in question. Something after the same manner speak the Babes of Persia, if the line translated by Professor E. G. Browne is to be taken as representing their faith:

The Kingdom of "I" and "We" forsake, and your
Home in annihilation make;

but I should be very glad if Professor Browne would enlighten the readers of THE ACADEMY on the beliefs of this most curious sect. Finally, the true balance is attained in the Christian precept—that he who would save his soul must lose it. The lead must die, so that the gold may be born from the furnace of this death; in other words, Tupper must perish so that Shakespeare may rise from his ashes.

This is the truth expressed so well in a book that I reviewed in these columns a fortnight ago—it is the object of Religion to make every man a poet—a supreme artist. Not of necessity an executive and practising artist—for, paradoxically enough, the thing realised, materially manifested in tones, or marble, or words, is itself a result of the Fall, a phenomenon of this imperfect world of sacraments and symbols. *Per speculum in enigmate* here below—there face to face, without the veils, and illusions, and dimnesses of sensible things. Religion may or may not make any one man a technical artist; it will do better, it will transport him to that overworld whence the holy incantations of the arts descend on earth, to the place of the perfect unmanifested Vision.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

POLITICAL MASOCHISM

It would be difficult to decide whether the manifesto just published by the Russian novelist Tolstoi in honour of his literary jubilee is the more dangerous on account of its senseless excitation to social revolt in the name of absurd ideals, or the more pathetic in its self-revelation as being obviously the work of a man who is suffering, and has probably suffered all his life, from a peculiar form of mental aberration. The ordinary public that reads the halfpenny press, or for that matter the press at any price, is so ignorant of life beyond one phase of life—the phase with which it comes into daily personal contact—it knows so little of its fellow-man outside of the most humdrum and one-sided experience, that it is peculiarly liable to be taken in, not only by the ordinary rogue, of which there are countless types both in politics and the newspaper business, but also by the specious madman; in fact by all who are, consciously or unconsciously, given up to the task of duping it. The extent to which the public may be duped in these circumstances depends not so much on the degree of stupidity or ignorance of the average reader, for these are practically always on the same level, but on the degree of cleverness or cunning of the writer, and in

the particular circumstance of his being mad, on the potential of his insanity. To adapt an illustration from common, every-day life, that of the Man in the Street, the confidence-trick—in spite of having been exposed over and over again—never fails of success the moment it finds the right static conditions. It then strikes, as it were, with the certainty and the inevitableness of lightning. The political confidence-trickster makes his millions of dupes in a year (the three-admiral trick has just been played off with complete success on a large section of the British public), the simple *voleur à l'américaine* has, it is true, been reduced to pluck his victims from among a few stray Transatlantic millionaires who frequent the bars of the more expensive Paris and London hotels, but far more interesting, inasmuch as far more dangerous in their consequences, are the tricks played off upon poor unsuspecting humanity by the political lunatic. It is so much easier for him to bring people within the clutch of his diabolical illusions, to make them the unconscious instruments of his mentally-aberrated fancies, for in many cases he is to all appearances disinterested. He may appear to them as a hero, or a saint, or both. As far as they with their limited powers of analysis are able to discover, he may have abandoned all mundane ambition, may be living the life of an ascetic and a recluse, having renounced all claim upon personal property, realising thus in the conduct of his own affairs the precise ideals which he urges them to seek and to attain to if present and future happiness are to be theirs. And this may all be superficially demonstrable by an appeal to notorious facts in the career of the holy man. In the presence of these facts, which no one denies, who would dare to proclaim that the prophet is not only a man whose whole moral and intellectual nature is dangerously warped, but that he is a kind of social and political vampire, whose attitude towards life recalls the old superstition referred to by Shakespeare when Hamlet is restrained by his friends from following the beckoning ghost of his father for fear that the ghost will lead him over a cliff and, vampire-like, suck from the young man's veins the life-blood that itself lacks? De Quincey, in his "Murder Considered as a Fine Art," describes, in a half-bantering tone, the delicate æsthetic sensations which may accompany the contemplation and the description of murder, and even the perpetration of it. Tolstoi's manifesto is composed in precisely the same key, with this difference—that it is deadly serious. Nowhere else in all his published works, excepting perhaps a famous passage in "Resurrection," has he dwelt more lovingly upon the details of torture and death by hanging. His manifesto begins with the words "seven condemnations to death." This, he says, is the daily average. But May 9th is his jubilee. So he adds:

I open the newspaper to-day. To-day, the 9th of May, it is something frightful. The newspaper publishes these following lines: "To-day were hanged at Kherson, at the Strebitsky field, twenty peasants, for an armed robbery committed on the grounds of an estate owner in the Commune of Elisabetgrad."

In a footnote he admits that the twenty were in reality only twelve, and he adds, "*Je ne puis être qu'heureux de cette erreur.*" He is "contented" to substitute the word "twelve" for the word "twenty," for, after all, the description of the hanging applies just as well to twelve as to twenty. And what a description it is! One feels that Tolstoi has lived it all over many times in his imagination, that he has identified himself with the victim, sharing his struggles, drinking his tears. "With their hands tied behind their backs for fear they may seize the cords which are to hang them" (what a delicate touch, and at bottom how grimly humorous!) "they are dragged to the scaffold. Several peasants similar to those who are going to be hanged, but armed, dressed in clean uniforms, with good boots on their feet, and shouldered guns, accompany the condemned." Tolstoi says that the executioners are several in number, "*car un seul homme ne suffirait pas à une besogne aussi considérable,*" and he describes in an orgy of detail how the improvised hangmen

Dissolve a cake of soap in a bowl in order to carefully soap the

slip-knot in the rope so that it may slip easily round the condemned man's neck. . . . They seize the bound men and cover them with shrouds, lead them to the gallows, and pass around their neck the well-soaped slip-knots. Then one after another these men, full of life, receive a sudden push, from beneath their feet the stools upon which they have been made to mount are withdrawn. The weight of their bodies tightens around their necks the knots that strangle them, and these men, living a moment ago, are now no more than corpses hanging to a cord.

"All this," says Tolstoi, "is carefully combined and organised *par des gens instruits et éclairés*. But evidently it is merely "l'enfance de l'art," the A B C of the matter. The subtleties begin when one remembers that the executioner is not a professional. *He is an amateur*. And if one wants to be really well hanged, deliciously hanged, one should insist upon one's executioner being drawn not from the lowest class (which was the futile old mediæval way) but from the middle-class :

A little shopkeeper at Moscow whose business was on the decline, having proposed himself for the accomplishment of the judicial murders organised by the Government, received a hundred roubles for each person that he hanged, and in a short time got his affairs back into such good shape that he no longer obliged to exercise his new profession. He has now gone back to his former business.

This reads like one of the stories in Defoe's "Complete Tradesman." An artist friend of Tolstoi's went to call upon the hangman with the idea of painting his portrait. He found a the "family in their Sunday clothes seated at table." But it is on the question of price that Tolstoi joins hands with De Quincey and reveals to be even the greater artist :

Last month (he says) an individual . . . agreed to do the business for fifty roubles a head. The arrangement concluded, the amateur hangman discovered that more was being paid in other villages. At the moment of execution, after having put the shroud-sack upon the victim, instead of leading him to the foot of the gibbet he paused, and going up to the master of the ceremonies (celui qui présidait l'exécution) he said to him, "You must add another twenty-five roubles or I shall beg to be excused." He obtained the increase that he asked for, and finished the job.

How well one might exclaim, "*Last month*, Tolstoi ! Come, come, you know very well that you are romancing. That did not happen last month. It never happened at all !" And one can imagine Tolstoi, aroused by this rash contradiction from his masochist dream, rubbing his eyes and replying, "Perhaps not last month. But it certainly did happen. Oh, yes. Of that I am sure. Why, it happened only a moment ago—to me !" And Tolstoi goes on (for this question of price and the bargaining by the amateur hangman at the foot of the gallows while the victim waits and hears gives a wondrous zest to the whole business) :

The next time it was a question of hanging five persons. On the eve of the execution, a stranger came to seek out the organiser of the official murders on a pretext of *private business*. The organiser received him, and the stranger spoke thus : "The other day such-a-one charged seventy-five roubles a head. To-day it seems there are five to despatch. Entrust the business to me, I will charge only fifteen roubles a head, and I promise you that the job shall be neatly done."

And Tolstoi, the romancer-writer, to this new masochist dream, adds, "I do not know if the offer was accepted, but I do know that it was made."

The victim must not resist, however. He must not spoil a good hanging. He will have plenty of time to struggle when he is dangling in the air. Tolstoi recommends passivity. His is the creed of "offering the other cheek," and for that reason the Russian revolutionaries are no longer his disciples. Without perhaps having clearly defined in their own minds the real reason for their defection, they are conscious of the fact that there is something strangely and radically wrong with the old gentleman's philosophy. He is happy and wealthy with it, but it has an uncomfortable trick of bringing about the hanging of his dearest friends. And he gives them no respite. There is no escape from the well-soaped slip-knot of his

sylogisms. He is the prophet whom one must believe, and die. Twenty (or rather, Tolstoi begs your pardon, twelve) persons were hanged on the day of Tolstoi's jubilee for an armed robbery on an estate. It is not everybody who has a jubilee like that, and to want more would appear in the eyes of some people to be sheer greediness ; but Tolstoi, with a prudent eye on the future, devotes a paragraph of the jubilee manifesto to encouraging the peasants to go on doing just those things which have so far always resulted in their being hanged :

It is clear, he says, that you can only appease the people by satisfying the most elementary justice in yielding to the wish of the entire agricultural population of Russia—that is to say, by *abolishing property in land*, instead of confirming it.

In other words, "Go it, my friends ; and you over there, the amateurs, those ropes want soaping !"

In an answer to Tolstoi's manifesto, which appeared a couple of days ago in a French paper, Prince Kotchoubey directly accused the aged romance writer of being himself the responsible author of the Russian executions by reason of his having corrupted the minds of the lower middle-class of Russia with his anarchical writings. Prince Kotchoubey points out that Tolstoi alone has benefited by these writings. Tolstoi himself says :

It is for me that the sinister job of these hangmen is being accomplished, who at first are recruited with difficulty, but who already are beginning not *altogether to detest their work*. It is for me that these gallows are erected, the well-soaped ropes, upon which women and children and peasants are hanged.

He adds :

It may seem strange to say that all these things are done for me, that I participate in these terrible acts.

But truth is stranger than fiction, and the masochist explanation of Tolstoi's philosophy, however strange it may seem, is probably the true one, and would be acceptable by any one who knows Russia. His style, both in his political lucubrations and in his novels, reveals it on every page. Purely mental and spiritual, this aberration constitutes none the less, when allied with the genius and frenzied energy of Tolstoi, a terrible danger to people at large, and to the Russian people in particular. So it is well within the proper domain of the critic to point it out and to explain its harmful possibilities, for Tolstoi, with all his magnificent abilities and admirable qualities of heart and head, and perhaps unaware of his own weakness, is among the moral madmen who, since Calvin, have wreaked the most mischief on the world.

ROWLAND STRONG.

BEAUTY AND "THE BEAST"

QUIET appears to reign upon the Potomac. The monstrous regiment of women, or, as some have said, beldames, shrews, cockatrices, and harridans, who lately disturbed the public peace would seem to have gone home to their warm beds, as it were. In plain terms, the Suffragists have succumbed, and rapidly they return to their native obscurity. So folds the lily all her sweetness up and slips into the bosom of the lake. Votes or no votes, the Pankhursts and the Pethick Lawrences and the Pettigrews, who for a short, sharp moment so bedevilled and distressed the town, are duly seized and possessed of the knowledge that it is impossible to keep on shrieking for ever. You cannot hold women's demonstrations in Hyde Park, even with Mr. Israel Zangwill and Mr. George Bernard Shaw to help you, every day in the week. You cannot descend upon the House of Commons, whether by way of the river or Whitehall, more than a few times, and Providence is sometimes exceedingly remiss in the provision of bye-elections suitable to bell-ringing, "liar"-shouting, and general feminine unseemliness. Furthermore, the weather is against us, for the days of sunshine are broken up and the rains are heavy upon us. So that if we venture on further campaigning it will have to be "next year"—

"when the summer comes again and the pretty flowers are blowing." Meanwhile those of us who possess wits will have opportunities for reflection. Our meditations should turn naturally upon our position. The screaming and the heat of the battle being over, we may look now upon the results. What has happened? Imprimis, the names of certain women have become for ever notorious; item, the reputation of the women of England for modesty, decency, and sensibility is somewhat tarnished; item, a hundred or more English women have suffered spells of imprisonment, several of them continue still in gaol, and two are undergoing sentences of hard labour; item, Mr. Asquith's windows have been broken; item, we have spent many thousands of pounds, spoilt many hats and dresses, and worn off much heavy shoe-leather; item, some of our complexions and voices are for ever ruined; item, we have not got the vote. That is all. Plenty of cry and no wool! And, bitterness of the bitterness, we are still left with our same old feminine unrest, fluttering, and disquietude—the which probably prompted us to our ridiculous and undignified crusade.

What are we to do? Always for them that seek there is balm in Gilead, oil and wine for wounds, heartsease, and the blessing of heaven. Let us rid our minds of cant and savagery, and sex-hatred and amazonian rage. Let us remember that we are women, and that our first and only duty to ourselves and to the world is simply to be women. To this end we will henceforth strive. And we will begin by reading in a book,* as all good women should:

For making the tint of the hair lighter peroxide of hydrogen is very much used. It has the great advantage of not staining the skin. On the contrary, it cleanses it, being a good antiseptic; it also makes an exceedingly good mouth-wash or gargle. . . . If it is desired to turn the hair white, the best preparation to use consists of permanganate of potash and washing soda.

The indication as to the choice of resorcin or sulphur is the amount of redness of the face, which may be of a deeper tint than usual all over, or there may be numerous pimples. In either condition begin with resorcin, and avoid sulphur, which is called for by the presence of few pimples and moisture.

Thus in a few lines are we instructed; and by these innocent means we may hope to obliterate certain of the ravages of the late war. Our hair, which may have waxed a trifle mousey on the platforms, may be resuscitated and rendered yellow like ripe corn with peroxide. If, on the other hand, we have suffered such imprisonments or pains that it is desirable for us to wear the appearance of the authentic martyr, permanganate and washing soda shall make us hoary as Soracte. The redness of our faces, not to mention our unmentionable pimples, are also easily to be got rid of.

From this same excellent book we may learn pretty well everything that is valuable to a woman. "Care of the face" has a chapter to itself, so have the eyes, nose, and ears, the mouth and teeth and the hands. There is a lively disquisition on corns—it seems to have been corns, by the way, which caused so many of our processions fearfully to limp and waddle—and there are disquisitions on "prickly heat," "ingrown toe-nail," "shampoos," "scurf or dandruff," "baldness," and "depilatories." Furthermore, our book is prefaced with the most cheerful and inspiring of news for womenkind at large, and for Suffragists in particular:

To be beautiful is possible to all, because each individual has something which they alone possess—its specific speck of perfection which belongs supremely to themselves.

Boudoir grammar; but, as we have said, excellent tidings. We are open to wager a box of gloves against a silk hat that there is not a Suffragist in England who, having the choice of a vote or beauty, would not leap unhesitatingly at the beauty. The author of the work before us is Mrs. Cora Brown Potter, herself a beautiful woman and a woman with a mind. She has written a book of 250 pages, and they are all of them admirable pages. It would have been easy for Mrs. Brown Potter to have produced for us

a seasonable outburst on the wrongs of women, the unrighteousness of Mr. Asquith, and the blessings which are to accrue to womanhood from the franchise. Like Mary, however, she has chosen the better part. Instead of inviting you forth into the green parks and waste places where you may yell and threaten and foam at the mouth, she leads you sweetly into the feminine mysteries. Walk with her to the nearest chemist's, and you are a made woman. There is no nonsense about her whatever, and she is afraid of nothing—not even of red noses:

A red nose is at all times most distressing to the owner, both on account of its unsightly nature, and as it is so apt to be attributed by the inconsiderate or unkind [O Femina!] to tight-lacing or indulgence in alcohol. . . . It is a most fatal error to try and hide this disfigurement by powder, which only sets up local inflammation and does an endless amount of harm. If, however, it is necessary to use powder for some social function, it should be removed at the earliest possible moment. For your red nose use "Sulphur 20grs., vermilion 8grs., ammoniated mercury 5grs., soft paraffin 10z."

This is fine writing. Finally, Mrs. Brown Potter puts into her epilogue beautiful words for all women of whatsoever condition:

Thus (she says), in building up our bodies we build up our souls, hearts, and brains with great powers for good and for happiness. None of us know, with the spark of God-given perfection we each contain, to what heights we may climb.

Boudoir grammar again, but the truth. Sulk not in your tents, you dear, delightful, defeated Suffragists, but purchase and peruse the essay of Mrs. Brown Potter, and be wise.

X.

"THE BOOK OF ST. ALBANS"

By the kindness of Dr. E. Scott, who has favoured me with the result of a discovery which he has recently made, I am enabled to announce an interesting gain to our knowledge of English literature. I am thankful to say that we may henceforward be rid for ever of the ridiculous guess which attributed the famous "Book of St. Albans" to "Dame Juliana Berners." There was no such person!

In the excellent Introduction to the facsimile edition of the "Book" it was shown by William Blades that Juliana was concocted by Chauncy, in his "History of Hertfordshire" (1700), while Berners and the story were imagined by Joseph Haslewood, who reprinted Wynkyn de Worde's edition of the "Book" in 1810. The legend has had a long success, and even those who know better still accept both the "Juliana" and the "Berners" as if they were facts. In the excellent new edition of "Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature" I find at p. 99 of Vol. I. that the "Book" is "commonly ascribed to Dame Juliana Berners," and this highly aristocratic name duly appears in the Index!

It all arose because those who read the old colophon did not understand it; for, indeed, it is not very readily intelligible. Yet the old schoolmaster's edition of 1486 is in sufficient accordance with that of Wynkyn de Worde in 1496. The former has, at the end of the "Book of Hunting," the colophon: "Explicit dam Julyans Barnes in her boke of huntynge." The latter has: "Explicit dame Julyans Bernes doctryne in her boke of huntynge." It cannot be said in any plainer terms that the authoress of that treatise was Dame Julyans Barnes (or Bernes).

A name is not necessarily wrong because it is queer; indeed, the cautious man will infer that it is therefore likely to be right. But it certainly requires further illustration; and it is time to hear Dr. Scott.

He has discovered a Sopwell deed, dated July 8th, 1371 Eliz. (1571). It relates to a sale—

From Sir Richard Lee, of Sopwell, in St. Albans, co. Hertf., to Humfrey Coningsbey, Esq., of New Barnes, co. Hertf., of Newland Manor and of the late Hospital of St. Julyans, and of the messuages called Park Mylne, Selbarne, Newe Barnes, St. Julyans, Eywood, and Hedges nigh St. Albans, and of other lands in St. Stephen's parish in St. Albans.

* *The Secrets of Beauty and Mysteries of Health.* By CORA BROWN POTTER. (Everett, 5s.)

It is now obvious that both Julyans and Barnes are true names in connection with St. Albans. And it is easily seen that there was a messuage, or house, or farm called "New Barnes," and another near St. Julian's hospital called "Julian's Barnes." The lady belonged to the latter, no doubt as its mistress; and the old ascription, now shorn of its mystery, is perfectly right. The difficulty, of course, was in the occurrence of "Julyans;" every one ignored the fact that it was the name of a hospital. Yet the story of the hospital is sufficiently well known; from the "Gesta Abbatum Monasterii Sancti Albani" we learn that there was a church and hospital of St. Julian's in the twelfth century. The latter was originally a small hospital for lepers, six at most in number, which was appropriated by the Abbot of St. Albans in the fourteenth century. At the dissolution of the monasteries it was granted to the Sir Richard Lee above mentioned, who sold it to Humphrey Coningsby. Cussans, in his "History of Hertfordshire" (Vol. III., Part 2, p. 278), explains that this Coningsby married Maud, Sir Richard's daughter and co-heir, but left no issue.

On the site of the hospital there now stands "St. Julian's Farm;" you can find it on the ordnance map, beside Watling Street, one-third of a mile to the south-south-east of St. Stephen's Church. It is not impossible that there is still a trace of the "Barn," for Cussans goes on to say:

St. Julians is now but a farm of nearly 369 acres. The farmhouse, about two hundred years old, contains nothing of interest. The old brick wall, by the side of the road, is all that remains of the mansion of the Lees. A large barn, the massive oak timbers of which are all hewn and fashioned by the axe alone, probably of pre-Reformation date, is perhaps one of the best-preserved tithe-barns of its date (p. 278).

There is surely good reason to suppose that this remarkable barn marks the very spot near which Dame Julians Barnes once resided. If so, she had nothing whatever to do with Sopwell nunnery, and was no abbess at all, but the wife or widow of a substantial franklin, who may very well have had good reasons for taking a special interest in all field-sports. At any rate she had no interest in nuns, and her name was neither "Juliana" nor "Berners."

Another correction to be made is to say, far more positively than is usual, that the Dame was only responsible for the poetical portion of the "Book of St. Albans," duly entitled the "Book of Hunting," and for not a single word more. The poem only occupies a seventh of the whole volume; with the remaining six-sevenths she had nothing whatever to do.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Daughter of Louis XVI. By G. LENOTRE. Translated by J. LEWIS MAY. (John Lane, 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS book was worth translating, and Mr. Lewis May has done his work well. M. G. Lenotre belongs to the category of chatty historians, a little too open-mouthed and wide-eyed to impress the reader with a sense of authority, but his feeling for the dramatic and the picturesque makes what he writes agreeable reading. The chief feature of his book is the publication of a new version of the diary attributed to Madame Royale, reproduced from the original text by permission of Marquis Costa de Beauregard. No English translation of this version has so far been printed, and M. Lenotre is perhaps right in calling it an invaluable document. He states very positively that it was written in the Temple by Madame Royale early in October, 1795, and in concluding her narrative she dated it the 14th of that month. On leaving the Temple she gave it to her companion "Renète," Madame de Chanterenne. It consisted of thirty-five pages of very coarse paper, written all over in a firm, round, regular, and almost upright hand, and was entitled "Journal written by Marie Thérèse Charlotte de France, relating to the captivity of

the princes and princesses, her relatives, from 10th August 1792, to the date of her brother's death, June the 9th, 1795":

As may be imagined (says M. Lenotre) Madame de Chanterenne preserved it religiously. Ten years afterwards, in 1805, the Duchesse d'Angoulême, who was then at Mitau, desired to read it over again, and Renète sent it to her by Cléry, who had been Louis XVI.'s *valet de chambre* at the Temple. Madame made a few corrections, took a copy of it, and on her return to France at the Restoration sent back the original to Madame de Chanterenne.

(Information published by Marquis de Costa Beauregard.) Unfortunately, there is strong internal evidence that this manuscript is apocryphal. In the first place, if it were written early in October, 1795, and concluded on the 14th of that month, as M. Lenotre says it was, it cannot rightfully be described as a diary at all. The Duchesse, moreover, gives an elaborate description of her brother's death, of which she is known to have been kept in complete ignorance until long after it happened. She also describes in detail the last hours of Marie Antoinette, of which she admittedly knew nothing. M. Lenotre says "She had asked Gomin and Lasne" (her two gaolers) "about the events which she had not personally witnessed," but he cites no authority for this statement. He is apparently a believer in the possibility of the Dauphin having survived, and he is placed on the horns of a dilemma when it comes to choosing between the truth of this theory and the authenticity of the so-called "Journal." There is a positive opposition between the two. What seems to be most probable, not to say obvious, is that the "Journal" was a concoction by Madame de Chanterenne, whose conduct throughout her entire connection with the unhappy Bourbon Princess lays her veracity open to the gravest suspicion. It is possible, of course, that Madame Royale supplied her attendant with many of the details contained in the so-called "Journal." But much of it was evidently added at second hand, probably under the direct inspiration of Louis XVIII., who was anxious to combat the already growing legend of the Dauphin's survival. The effect of the confinement and terrible scenes that she went through had evidently affected the mind of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. Her conduct during the latter part of her life strikes M. Lenotre as mysterious and inexplicable, but it is surely comprehensible enough as symptomatic of persecution mania, an almost inevitable result of her abominable treatment by the Terrorists.

Islands of the Vale. By ELEANOR G. HAYDEN. (Smith Elder, 7s. 6d. net.)

WE remember an earlier volume of Miss Hayden's, "From a Thatched Cottage," and we opened the new one with a certain anticipation. She has taken a wider journey, but she writes with the same easy, agreeable discursiveness as before. If we find it lacking somewhat in the pleasantness of its predecessor, it is in spite (or possibly because) of the fact that she has evidently been at greater pains with it. Her flight from place to place seems just a little too careful; there is a little too obvious an ingathering of historical allusion to permit quite the same ready pleasure in the reader. For another point, we would ask her to refrain from this kind of thing, which now and then (and only now and then) mars her pages:

Not that I would have it thought that I regard work as an evil. . . . In these days work is the heritage of the freeman. . . . It is our common birthright, the pledge of our universal brotherhood, etc.

Or this:

If matter be indeed, as some philosophers affirm, the outward expression of spirit, we dwellers in the Vale must needs believe in a Father of Love, etc.

But this, after all, is not a very dreadful fault in a light book.

Miss Hayden wisely eschews the fictitious fervours of the cheap descriptive writer discovering the obvious; but when she does describe it is with a simple, well-disciplined pen.

The "Vale" is that large lowly green spaciousness which

you descry, for example, from the historic Dragon Hill, hard by the famous White Horse. It was once, Miss Hayden tells us, "a lake, the waters of which filled the hollow where now the golden corn quivers darkling to the wind's caress, and villages slumber amid fruitful green orchards." Even a hasty glance from a distant express train will yield witness of the fairness of the valley; and it is a land as rich in memories as in visible charm. Our author has tales of "Littlecote Hall" (a beautiful mansion of which we are glad to be reminded), of the dwellers of Goose Island, of the prophecies of Mother Shipton, of the luckless Peninsular soldier who lost his legs through yielding too ready a credit to the false, wicked report of a rival in love. She writes of rustic peculiarities and fancies, but she is successful in avoiding the point of view of the superior suburban in writing of the humble folk of the roadside—a fault which not every writer on country life finds it easy to escape. One of her stories—"Three for a Wedding"—is a genuine, delightful piece of comedy, which might well stand alone with considerable credit to the author. If she can give us any more such half-hours of chit-chat we shall be grateful—only tempering our gratitude with the suggestion that she will spare us the somewhat laboured historical incidents. They add but little to the value of a book which does not depend upon such serious recitals for its special interest.

Magda, Queen of Sheba. By HUGUES LE ROUX and MRS. JOHN VAN VOORST. (Funk and Wagnalls.)

IN one category at least the poles of method in narrative style are very clearly marked—namely, the convincing pole and the incredible. The Lutheran divine Wilhelm Meinhold wrote his fascinating romance "Sidonia the Sorceress" as a practical satire in order to deceive the too credulous antiquaries of his time. He presented it as the transcript of a historical document with such convincing realism that he never quite succeeded afterwards in persuading the victims of his jest that it was the product of nothing but his own vivid imagination. Monsieur Hugues Le Roux and Mrs. John van Voorst reign from the opposite pole; the presentment of their volume is so incredible that the reader would begin to doubt whether the Battle of Waterloo had ever taken place if it were presented in a similar manner. The cover of their book suggests the Egyptian Hall, their title a musical comedy, their illustrations Wardour Street, the name of their artist an *alias*, their preface Baron Munchausen, and their translated text an elaborate hoax. So much is there in appearances; we must therefore remember that all that glitters is not tinsel; and until the well-known Orientalists have overcome their disinclination to say anything about Monsieur Le Roux's disclosures, we will leave his book to appeal to its proper audience, and not determine too positively whether he intends to emulate Meinhold or his own precursors in Ethiopia, such as, shall we say, Sir John Maundeville.

At any rate, this is what Monsieur de Roux tells us through the medium of Mrs. van Voorst's plain American. He tells us that "the Ancient Royal Abyssinian manuscript 'The Glory of the Kings' is now first translated into a European tongue" by him, a member of the Rouen Académie des Belles Lettres; that it is illustrated with five reproductions in brown and tint, made from drawings by a native Abyssinian artist, and is accompanied by a reproduction of a letter from the Emperor Menelik II. to Monsieur Loubet informing him that the Emperor had found Monsieur Le Roux's visit to him very agreeable. Monsieur Le Roux also quotes from a previous letter from the Emperor the statement that Monsieur Le Roux is translating *Our Book* into French. These are Monsieur Le Roux's distinguished credentials.

He then proceeds to tell us in his Introduction the more recent history of the manuscript. He relates how it was found in the Emperor Theodore's bedchamber by the English when they took Magdala; how it was placed in the British Museum, and from thence presented in 1868 to the Emperor John at his special request; how the Emperor John carried it with him on the expedition

against the Arabs, in which he was killed; how it was secreted, and the circumstances which replaced it by the happy instrumentality of Monsieur Le Roux in the hands of the succeeding Emperor Menelik II.; and how and with what pomp that famous monarch—whom God preserve!—lent it to him to translate, with a note of his own very proper feelings on the occasion.

Finally, we have the work itself, which Ato Haile Mariam informs us by the mouths of Monsieur de Roux and Mrs. van Voorst, "is a poem in prose which has the charm of the 'Iliad' and the vigour of the Bible." We cannot deny that it has in Ghèze, for we have not read it in that tongue; we could not. We can only say that the work as presented is by no means an uninteresting production, and contains passages, similes, and figures which do credit to the literary taste of the writer. It tells how the Virgin Queen of Sheba, whose name Mrs. van Voorst says was Magda in English, went to visit Solomon, how he entertained her and by what wisdom he succeeded in espousing her; how she returned to her own country and brought forth a son; how her son, Bainelekhem by name, grew to man's estate, and went to visit his father incognito; how he was everywhere recognised by his extraordinary likeness to David in "the curve of the neck" and the remarkable muscularity of the thighs; how he stole the Ark of the Covenant, not without Solomon's connivance, and returned with miraculous speed to Æthiopia, accompanied in his flight by priests and Levites to minister before the ineffable Presence, and teach the Æthiops the Law.

Such in brief outline is Monsieur Le Roux's book. It is quite worth reading. As to its authority we leave it to find its proper level. Whether the Emperor Menelik and those members of the Æthiopian Hierarchy who read French or English regard it as a valuable introduction to their much-valued book to the rest of Christendom is a question which we leave unconsidered.

The Creed of Buddha. By the Author of "The Creed of Christ." (John Lane, 5s.)

MR. KIPLING, in his poem of "Mandalay," has remarked that "if you hear the East a-calling, you won't never heed naught else." This Eastern obsession is particularly noticeable in the volume before us, the author of which appears to claim for the teachings of Gautama Buddha a superiority to all known religions and philosophies. The work is a study, as sympathetic as it is profound, of the doctrines of the Buddha and the Sacred Books of the East. The author, though no Orientalist, has not been content with studying the subject through the medium of the modern official interpreters of Buddhism. On the contrary, he runs atilt against many of their most cherished dogmas, and it is with great difficulty that he succeeds in preserving the customary amenities of controversy when he refers to Professor Rhys Davids. Indeed, to many readers—as to the present reviewer—the most interesting chapter in the book will be that entitled "A Misreading of Buddha," in which the author contends, with great force and eloquence, that the conventional identification of "Nirvâna" with annihilation can claim no support from the teaching of Gautama himself—is, indeed, a grotesque travesty of that teaching. Buddha, we read, so far from affirming the extinction of the Ego on the attainment of Nirvâna merely taught that it "does not exist after death in any form or mode which is comprehensible by human thought." The concluding chapters of the volume appear to us somewhat fantastic. Our author's admiration for the Upanishads has filled him with a laudable missionary fervour. He sees the whole world converted to the saving truths of Buddhism, the science of the West combining with the contemplation of the East in one ultimate synthesis. Otherwise he can see no hope for Western civilisation, which, he mistakenly assumes, has lost its faith, and is occupied solely with the accumulation of wealth and the pursuit of pleasure. It is the dream of an enthusiast, but we fancy that "the sentimental thought of

the West"—to adopt our author's somewhat contemptuous phrase—will prove an effectual barrier to its realisation.

American Shrines in England. By ALFRED T. STORY. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS work is presumably intended to appeal to our visitors from America, and, as it is but an inferior specimen of the pretentious guide-books which the age affects, an example of its style will probably satisfy our readers:

Then every hedgerow and copse will have its choir, and the descant will here and there touch the higher octave of passion and joy, these too echoing themselves in the silent music of the flowers.

This happens in the spring on the road between Moreton Pinkney and Selgrave.

FICTION

The Harvest Moon. By J. S. FLETCHER. (Eveleigh Nash, 6s.)

THOSE readers who know Mr. J. S. Fletcher mainly as a brilliant and sympathetic interpreter of Yorkshire life will hardly recognise him in his new novel. In "The Harvest Moon" he has ventured on alien ground, for the "enchanted North" plays but a subsidiary part in these pages. The story, however, opens in Yorkshire. Adrien Darrell, a young painter, is touring the Northern counties in quest of local colour. An accident brings him to the farmstead of Cornelius Van de Linde, but it is less an accident than the inevitable workings of destiny that makes him fall in love with Cornelius's pretty daughter. Mr. Fletcher is at his best in these earlier chapters. He has succeeded in investing his narrative with the atmosphere of an English country house, and there is an enchanting, idyllic quality in those scenes which record the lovemaking of Adrian and Linda. The idyll quickly disappears, however, to give place to tragedy, and with the death of Cornelius and the seduction of Linda we enter upon a more gloomy phase of the narrative. Linda is left desolate, expecting the birth of her child. She leaves England and seeks sanctuary in Bruges, waiting, and waiting in vain, for the return of her absent lover. Meanwhile her life centres in her boy, whom she cherishes with a fierce affection that is perhaps not far removed from selfishness. The boy inherits the artistic instincts of his father, and at the request of a visitor to Bruges (himself a famous artist) he is sent to Rome to complete his education. Linda quickly follows, to find that the boy has just been killed in an accident. She meets the man who has befriended him, who is none other than the lover by whom she has been so cruelly betrayed. There follows a flight from Rome, and a succession of months in which Linda is learning the hard lesson of self-renunciation and self-forgetfulness. Ultimately harmony is restored from so many discordant elements, and the book closes on a scene of happiness and reunited affection.

The quality of the writing is excellent throughout, and Mr. Fletcher has been particularly happy in his delineation of the minor characters. Monsieur Verbecke, in particular, a quaint but altogether lovable blend of the ecclesiastic and the pedant, is a triumph of portraiture. But the chief interest of the story lies with Linda, and it is for this masterly presentation of the development of a soul that Mr. Fletcher's book deserves the highest praise.

The Duchess of Dreams. By EDITH MACVANE. (John Milne, 6s.)

IF the American society papers are only fractionally truthful, a far more improbable romance might be written about the "upper classes" of that queer country than Miss Edith Macvane has succeeded in constructing, even with the aid of such recognised "properties" as dynamite, stolen treaties, and Russian spies. As it is, "The Duchess of Dreams" is a lively, pleasant story of a young American actress who impersonates a Russian grand duchess in order

to help an ambitious woman to become a member of the most exclusive set in Newport (U.S.A.). There is a villain, a Russian spy, who uses his knowledge of her deception to induce the heroine to steal a treaty from her lover, a bright young American diplomat. The dynamite which we have mentioned removing this obstacle, the book ends happily. "The Duchess of Dreams" is very good reading for the frivolous.

Blood Royal. By MAUD ARNOLD. (Greening, 6s.)

FROM a hero named Champneys and a heroine named Valeria the experienced novel-reader knows what to expect, and it is to be feared that in "Blood Royal" he gets very little else. When Champneys proposes to Valeria that lady confesses that she has had an illegitimate child by an earlier lover. Champneys withdraws with some signs of displeasure, and Valeria develops a mysterious mental disease. At length—at too great length—she recovers, and is then wantonly killed by the author, because, apparently, Miss Arnold is afflicted with the very popular longing to write softly about corpses, a longing which should have been more than satisfied in describing Valeria's periodical hysterics over her child's grave. The book once more inspires us with the wonder that publishers do not employ some one to correct obvious mistakes in the author's English. Grammar is certainly quite as important as spelling.

Love in Idleness. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY. (Digby, Long, 6s.)

THERE is little in this book to arouse the interest, much less the enthusiasm, of the reader, for the story is quite as conventional as the title. Two girls and their love affairs monopolise almost every chapter, and, judging by the slight glimpses we are given of their past, we feel that, while they may have been heroines previous to that part of their lives spent in "Love in Idleness," they certainly are not now. Miss Hardy strives very hard to evolve some character out of the group of English residents in Florida, and her quiet if undistinguished style would seem admirably suited to such a task, even though her latest book is by no means a powerful study. To retail the love-stories of two girls who have experienced the fickleness of man is a dangerously easy task. One is determined to work havoc in the hearts of mankind, and thus wreak vengeance on the sex that murdered her sister, and the other's ambition, if less desperate, is equally worldly. But Violet Preston and Rosemary Heath do not meet with the desired success. The first-named does actually fall in love only to be disappointed by the man's death, and has to marry an English earl in the long run. There are many characters introduced into "Love in Idleness," but it is doubtful whether any one of them is necessary to the story, with the exception of Max Randolph. Altogether it is a curiously incomplete tale.

Leaven. By DOUGLAS BLACKBURN. (Alston Rivers, 6s.)

GREAT are the responsibilities and difficulties of the novelist who attempts a study of the relations between the white and black races, and if he succeeds his triumph is all the more noteworthy. Mr. Douglas Blackburn is in the happy position of realising that he has given us the very best novel on South Africa that has yet appeared. "Leaven" is a magnificent story, written with a sense of humour combined with a sense of honour. The author touches upon many of the gravest questions, moral and political; yet it is impossible to tell what his own private opinions are, for his book, though to a certain extent political, is quite unbiassed. The outstanding figure in "Leaven" is a full-blooded Zulu, Bulalie, who is created by Mr. Blackburn to typify the effect of what the white man calls civilisation upon the black. Bulalie is, of course, a splendid figure of a man physically, and when a quarrel with his father necessitates flight into the region of the whites he finds no difficulty in obtaining employment or being cheated. The Zulu, however, is intelligent enough to win his way to a position of some trust in a mine, and,

despite the previous efforts of the Rev. David Hyslop, missionary, falls into a state of depravity that is only partially atoned for at the end by an act of heroism that costs him his life. On the adventures of Bulalie and Mr. Hyslop Mr. Blackburn hangs his South African moral. We are shown the effect the climate and its customs has on a missionary such as Mr. Hyslop, a man who starts with all the enthusiasm generated at Exeter Hall meetings and finishes with a great deal of common sense knocked into him by bitter experience and many disillusionments. But it is impossible to do more than merely indicate the scope covered by "Leaven," which is really a series of studies of the native question rather than a story. Not that Mr. Blackburn ever fails to be interesting, and anybody who knows good literature will find it in "Leaven," even if he is not interested in "South African problems," and that is high praise. Missionary societies and their partisans may denounce the sketches of missionary life in the book, though we would advise them to try to reform instead. Anybody who has been to South Africa knows that every word Mr. Blackburn says on the subject is true, and the various societies ought to be grateful to a writer who, were he more bitter, might with equal truth be stronger in his criticisms. As it is, Mr. Blackburn never loses his temper, and all along there is that genial undercurrent of humour, the hallmark of the man who is telling the truth and does not fear contradiction. Perhaps the worst fate that can befall "Leaven" will be its use as a political pamphlet. It is only political in the sense that it deals with the wellbeing of a country, but if either of the contending parties in South Africa enroll Mr. Blackburn in their ranks they will destroy all prospect of the excellent reforms indicated, though not demanded, in this remarkable book on a remarkable subject.

Workers in Darkness. By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.
(Greening, 6s.)

THIS is one of the most successful examples of sensational fiction which we have read for some time. The author has evidently been at special pains to make his romance thrilling, and, very properly disregarding probabilities, has devised an amazing secret society which dwells in a honeycomb of passages under London. From these headquarters, under the able leadership of Sir John Lodrix, that great expert on crime, they conduct a criminal campaign of enormous proportions down to the moment when, surrounded by soldiers, they blow themselves up together with some thousands of innocent citizens. There are murders enough in this book to supply a dozen ordinary detective stories, and it is well written in its breathless fashion. It ends happily.

CORRESPONDENCE

SUFFRAGITIS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I have an idea I can guess the identity of the hospital nurse who has sent you rabid communications too indecent for publication. At any rate, on turning to my record of Suffragette extravagances I find some particularly wild utterances accredited to a certain vinegary spinster of the nursing profession whose initials are ———, and whom I certainly shouldn't care to have by me if I were ill. I cannot understand why people of this kind do not invariably send their screeds to the *Daily News*. Mr. Gardiner is a clever man, but he seems so overcome by the heroism of these brave and noble women, these elegant and refined ladies, who are fighting so courageously for money and advertisement, that he is apparently prepared to insert anything they write. In to-day's issue (July 18th) one of these persons seeks to institute a comparison between sentences passed on men and the extremely lenient sentences for window-breaking passed on New and Leigh. She seemingly forgets all about the sentence of five years' penal servitude some time back passed on two men by the Recorder of Bedford for window-breaking, and the twelve months' hard labour meted out to four men at Manchester who broke windows during a riot at Ancoats. But to show the absolute worthlessness of her epistle I may say she starts by

referring to an Oriental who, according to her, was convicted of "a disgraceful attack on a young girl," and proceeds to state that the man was sentenced to two months' hard labour. Now Mr. Plowden only recently passed the sentence, and it was four months' hard labour—sufficiently stiff I thought, considering the man was more grotesque than anything else.

When we have a matriarchy, and laws are made by a Parliament of women and administered by such eminent jurists as Lord Chief Justice Despard, Mrs. Justice Martyn, and Miss Justice Pankhurst, we shall have sentences something after this sort:

FOR MEN ONLY.

For speaking to a woman in the street without an introduction—two years' solitary confinement.

For a common assault on a woman—five years' penal servitude.

For wife-desertion—seven years' penal servitude and confiscation of all property.

For criminal assault on a woman—penal servitude for life and flogging.

For burglary at house of erstwhile member of Women's Freedom League—same punishment.

For killing a woman—boiling in oil.

(I admit I have made this scale somewhat more mild than a Feminist will approve of.)

FOR WOMEN ONLY.

Breaking a man's windows—first offence, prize of £50; second offence, pension of £50. (N.B.—Men would find it advisable to have no property.)

Doing grievous bodily harm to a man—Baronetcy and annuity of £500.

Killing a man—pension of £5,000, seat in the House of Ladies, freedom of London, Birmingham, Womanchester, and other places, and statue.

As Ouida has wisely said:

The legislation voted for by unhappy women would be as much against men and all true liberty as Dumas himself is against them and it. Men at present legislate for women with remarkable fairness, but women would never legislate for men with anything approaching fairness. . . .

ARCH. G.

THE ABUSE OF SUNDAY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—With reference to your notes in THE ACADEMY of 11th inst. and "F. G. B.'s" letter in this week's issue, I believe that prejudice and religious intolerance—so out of keeping with the spirit of Christianity—are at the bottom of the trouble, and certainly they are the cause of endless strife and petty criticism of other people's beliefs and acts. If a person feels it is wrong for him or her to play games or cards on Sunday, of course he should not do so or ask others to join in. On the other hand, worse sins than Sunday amusement are oftentimes condoned by individuals who evidently think too much of the mere letter of a law that was not intended to be applied in the way it sometimes is.

A true Christian ought to be sufficiently broad-minded to appreciate the good there is even in games, and that innocent enjoyment is never wrong.

F. W. T. LANGE.

Upper Norwood, S.E., July 18th, 1908.

OUR ART AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Your critic "E. K.," as I expected, allows the case against him to go by default, and rides off on a cryptic joke, and with no word of the *amende honorable* for the injustice he has done our art. Turning to the larger aspect of the question, the relation of the Press to our national Art is one of the subjects which should be discussed at the forthcoming Congress of the Press of the Empire. The treatment of our Art by many of our papers for the last twenty-five years has been unworthy, unfair, unpatriotic, and unwise; and has resulted in the wanton depreciation of its value by millions of pounds, and with no corresponding benefit to anybody. It began with the Whistler claque, and was inspired by that genius for notoriety who was then the real Daily Advertiser before his mantle fell on "G. B. S." One of the "New Critics," with the slenderest of artistic accomplishments, was made a member of an exhibiting society of artists and a member of its Council. In return for this he boomed his little society in season and out of season, and viciously depreciated all the rest of our art. The editor gave him a free hand, and his paper became truly the "Saturday Reviler," and all but the critic's own set were reviled with reckless persistency. This was the death of the critical

conscience, and all sense of justice and fairplay went by the board. A pretence of fairness was given to the defamation of all that was best in our art by attacking the administration of the Chantry Fund, none of Whistler's works or those by the N.E.A.C. having been bought. Not only was the Academy attacked, but through it the whole body of exhibitors as well. This amazing injustice, which should have produced an indignant protest even from the most timid and tamest body of citizens, the artists, was foolishly winked at by them for two reasons. All Academies, by their very nature, are past masters in the gentle art of making enemies; every outsider has a grudge against them because he is not an insider, and because his works do not receive the honours he deems their due. Had the attacks been confined to "art politics" all might have been well, but the abuse covered all actual and all potential exhibitors, with one or two exceptions, so nearly the whole of our art was steadily defamed, and all suffer, except the producers of "Old Masters." The attacks begun with such unfairness and lack of artistic judgment are repeated *ad nauseam*, and part of the Press might save money by replacing their "critics" by gramophones. A few only of our more able critics have kept their heads and do not indulge in the cant of the moment. Our Academy, fearing to seem to pander to the potent Press, has, with singular maladroitness, made many enemies among managers and editors as well as the critics, and outsiders have to suffer for the academicians' dignified blunders.

The outstanding feature of the treatment of our art by the greater part of our Press is its strange lack of intelligence, its onesidedness, its lack of fairplay, and its general "crankiness" are so conspicuous that suspicion is brought on the entire Press, and its power lessened. The whole question should be considered at the Press Congress, and better relations established all round. The first thing to do is to separate art politics from art. The Academy has all the virtues and faults of a truly typical British institution, and its constitution and its actions may be attacked without defaming the whole body of exhibitors. On the other hand, the Academy should make reasonable reforms, and should treat the Press—the real Government of the Empire—more justly, not to say generously. The value of the work done by the Academy is being demonstrated by its bitterest enemies at the Albert Hall; but reforms on both sides are demanded in the interests of art, justice, patriotism, policy, common sense, and the British love of fairplay.

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W., July 19, 1908.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—During a recent visit to St. Paul's Cathedral I was shocked to see Holman Hunt's beautiful "Light of the World" suspended in a hideous German-gilt frame, quite out of keeping with the picture and its surroundings, and placed in such a bad light as to render it almost invisible except from one point of view. Even if the picture cannot be re-framed, as it ought to be, surely in such a vast building there should be no difficulty in finding a better position.

HERMANN ERSKINE.

15, Grosvenor Road, Westminster, July 20, 1908.

THE LONDON SALON OF THE ALLIED ARTISTS ASSOCIATION, LIMITED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—It is to the last degree unfortunate that the newly-allied artists, distinguishing themselves by the initials A.A.A., have been so absolutely at the mercy of the circumstances as to hold their first *Salon* under conditions the very reverse of those recognised to-day as indispensable. It is everywhere admitted that the tastefulness of the display of pictures is more than half the battle. The old cheek-by-jowl jumble obtains now nowhere except perhaps at the Royal Academy. The Albert Hall, which is the home of the London *Salon* in this its first year, has many advantages, no doubt, and was perhaps the only available place in which to show between three and four thousand works of art at this time of the year. But the preparation and arranging which should have taken weeks have been perforce undertaken in a few days, and the result, it must be confessed, is disastrous alike to the pictures and to fair criticism and enjoyment of them. Works easily recognised as of undoubted merit and power fail to arrest the spectator because, in the first few moments, boredom creeps over him. Galleries of large area or great length are depressing when crowded, though the crowding be of undoubted masterpiece.

The Allied Artists think it "worth while to admit the bad in order to have also a chance of examining the new," and a selec-

tion is against their leading principle. Their motives are of the very best, but their self-imposed laws, quixotically framed for the benefit of mute, inglorious Miltons, are likely to overwhelm them and impede their career. For all this, however, they are more to be commiserated than blamed. The present *Salon* is a first attempt, not a final achievement. Another year may bring other opportunities.

The sculpture, which is arranged in the arena, appears to much greater advantage than the painting, chiefly because there is less of it. Its most important pieces are the extremely animated horse and man group, entitled "The Joy of Living," and the colossal equestrian statue of General Buller, a most dignified work. Both these are by Adrian Jones. The water-colours are placed in the orchestra, and the grand tier of boxes are screened off by canvases that are too large to be seen in the narrow main gallery. Still more oil-pictures may be seen in the south galleries, where also a most interesting exhibition of Russian arts and crafts is on view, organised by Princess Marie Tenicheff.

In view of the embarrassing number of works, and the rough-and-ready method of their display, it becomes very difficult to say how far the aims of the Society have been achieved. The very simple "primary aim" mentioned by the Secretary, Mr. Frank Rutter, in his "Foreword" to the catalogue, is to permit artists to submit their works freely to the judgment of the public. Can this be thought of sufficient importance in itself to warrant so much organisation, elaboration and expense? It could surely only be of value as a preliminary measure to something more selective. Will the public after all give itself the trouble to separate the wheat from the chaff, and could it be expected to do so? With a self-elected Hanging Committee, composed of names enjoying the assured confidence of the art public, the A.A.A. might very well have used such a gathering as this in a probationary way. A plebiscite would have weeded out these painters that are not artists but merely people willing to spend a guinea a year upon their ambition and vanity. A residuum of, say, one thousand pictures would have been more than ample to include all the deserving obscurities with whom the Royal Academy and "close" societies have dealt mercilessly, and the public could have been presented with an exhibition in a more suitable building, and more amenable to the dictates of taste in its setting.

The A.A.A. has every right to encouragement, for its aspirations are a natural and spontaneous outcome of artists anxious to help themselves and each other. The long roll of famous names it includes, and the excellent work that it has brought forth already from names hitherto unknown, prove that it has good reason for existence and power to do its work. But obviously its first indispensable step is to make an interesting appeal to the public; otherwise it cripples itself at the outset of its career. It is to be hoped that the second year's *Salon* may make this step with more certainty.

F. C. TILNEY.

STAGE ILLUSION

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I note with gratification in last week's issue of THE ACADEMY your very sensible observations on some of *The Mask's* antics.

That extraordinary periodical is apparently trying to outdo the absurd and irritating excesses of its material *formal* by the addled rebellion of the views it is setting forth. Its projects, rejecting with lofty scorn the outcome of centuries of slowly progressing art, offer in the place of the high beauty of some modern theatrical productions an incongruous and vague medley of unripe idea. But it is not by this grotesque affair that I am moved to write to you, but by your critic's remark that "the whole question of stage illusion is a curious one."

Stage illusion depends for its accuracy upon the scientific observation of facts, for its beauty and poetry upon the artistic selection and arrangement of these facts. The necessities of the stage—where, in a box closed upon all sides but one, an intensified and essentialised presentation of life-crises, comic, or tragic, must be set forth—calls for one-sided scenery, one-sided lighting, one-sided gesture. I have been preaching in my lectures here at Leeds the theory of stage art from this point of view. The dramatist must scientifically observe, artistically arrange and intensify, his ideas and words; the scenic artist bases his work on the same realities, and carries it out in the same manner. And to come to the point discussed by your critic, the actor (as he has always done from the days of the Greeks) must scientifically observe the physical manifestations of the emotions, the acoustic exigencies of his theatre, the optical effects of the lighting on his facial and bodily appearance, and then artificially select, arrange, exaggerate, intensify, and essentialise all of these scientifically observed facts by means of his artistic instinct and experience.

Thus the question of stage illusion is not "curious" (in the sense

of "unexplored" or "unexplainable"), but is resolved by a scientific study of problems as definite as the ordinary problems of physics and mathematics. When he has mastered the facts of his science the actor may commence to exercise his art.

BASIL H. WATT, M.A. Edin. (late of His Majesty's Theatre, London; Principal Instructor at the Leeds College of Dramatic Art, inaugurated by Miss Ellen Terry).

July 19, 1908.

"THE BOWER MEADOW."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—At the Franco-British Exhibition I saw for the first time this oil-painting by D. G. Rossetti, numbered 96 in the Fine Arts Catalogue. As I had never even heard of this work before I consulted several lists of Rossetti's paintings, but I have failed so far to locate the picture. A. C. Benson says (p. 182) that it was finished and named in 1872, the figures being then introduced into a landscape dating from 1850. This seems doubtful. William Sharp attributes to the year 1859 a water-colour called "The Garden Bower;" Joseph Knight includes that water-colour in the work of 1856-7; but neither recorder mentions the work in oils at all. How are we to account for this omission? I am informed, by a friend who knows the water-colour composition, that the composition of the landscape itself in the picture now being exhibited is different.

JOHN GAMBRIL NICHOLSON.

Boa Vista, Alexandra Park, N.

WHEN ISRAEL CAME OUT OF EGYPT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The publication of the names of the new owners of the *Dimes* and the *Vestminster* should dispel the horrid fears that have haunted certain minds that the change in their ownership would result in so changing the policy of the two "noosbabers" that they might be found pandering to the prejudices of the despised native element in our population. If the information contained in the current issue of the *British Weekly* is correct, the "Gompany" which has purchased the *Vestminster* includes Mr. Alfred Mond, M.P., Sir John Brunner, M.P., and Mr. Charles Solomon Henry, M.P., all of whom, of course, are typical Britishers, although the surname of the last-mentioned might lead one to assume that he is not. Of the "Gompany" which now owns the *Dimes*, the principals are reported to consist of Lord Rothschild, the fine old Britisher schentleman who has done so much to prevent any interference with the coming of other Britishers to this country; Lord Cromer, who is descended from a Britisher who came hither from Holland; and Lord Northcliffe, the illustrious founder of *Hawnsers*, *Ome Chat*, and the *Dily Mile*, and 'ead of the Hancient London Hirish family of 'Armsvert.

It is announced that the gentlemen who have edited these two Britisher-bought "noosbabers" in the past will continue to edit them. Of course they will. Who else could edit them so completely to the satisfaction of Britishers? Not even the editor of Lord Swaythling and "Gompany's" *Star* and *Morning Leader*, or the editor of Lord Burnham's *Taily Delegraph*, or the editor of Mr. Marks's *Vinancial Noos*, is able to conduct a "noosbabber" in a way to so thoroughly win the approval of Britishers as do the present editors of the *Dimes* and the *Vestminster*. Let he who doubts this observe the care with which references to the Immigration Evil are omitted from the Parliamentary reports of the former, and peruse the articles denouncing the Immigration Restriction Movement which have appeared in the latter.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

Bickleigh Lodge, Shoot-up Hill, Brondesbury, N.W.,
July 20, 1908.

OUR FATHERS IN GOD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The independent criticism of THE ACADEMY, which distinguishes it so clearly from its contemporaries, emboldens me to address you on a matter which probably has not escaped the attention of some of your readers.

There was enacted in York, at the end of last week, a spectacle which filled one with regret, perhaps, and certainly has created grave forebodings. I saw it reported that three Bishops of the Established Church, whose Sees, I think, are all within the Northern Province, found it consistent with their hierarchical status to present themselves as a deputation from the Church of England at a Conference of Wesleyans now sitting at York.

From a brief report of their proceedings I learn that they were hailed with an enthusiasm tempered only by a faint remembrance of the gulf supposed to be fixed between the Catholic and the Protestant religions. The regular business was suspended, and the regrets of the Archbishop at his enforced absence having been conveyed by telegram, the assembled Wesleyans were regaled by pious platitudes from the Reverend Fathers in God. Then in turn they retorted. Smug assurance was given, to the cheering effect that if only the exploits of certain Bishops into the fields of moral conflict were continued and enlarged, such exploits being in the nature of attacks on property by varied legislative phantasia, the whole force of Wesleyanism would form their bodyguard. Apparently these representative Bishops were greeted as if returning from a pilgrimage to Canossa.

Well, it is not my business, nor am I inclined to discuss the propriety of the Bishops' action. Doubtless they were well advised, doubtless only mature consideration of the principles involved determined them. Only I cannot help recollecting that in September next there is to assemble at Westminster Cathedral a Eucharistic Conference of the Roman Catholic Church. And concurrently with that thought comes the remembrance of the Anglican's claim to undiluted Catholicity. There is the great Roman branch of the Church Catholic assembling prelates from all parts of the world, not to discuss Licensing Bills, or Socialism, or Votes for Women, or any of the clap-trap which finds its place in the circuit of Dissenting preachers' deliberations. They will discuss and devoutly celebrate the Divine mysteries of the Mass. The centre of Christian thought and consciousness, with its opulence of devotion and religious experience, is to be the sole object of their thoughts. So I am led to speculate on the probable attitude of the Anglican Church towards her Roman sister. Will the Bishops, say, of London, Stepney, and Southwark emulate in more worthy fashion the missionary tastes of their Northern brethren? Will the Archbishop of the Southern Province—will the Primate send telegrams of greeting and welcome? Or are we to behold the alluring scene of Catholic devotion passing on unhonoured and unsung, while the Wesleyan phase of religious anarchy—which seems rapidly to be approaching a kind of mutual-aid society—is welcomed and embraced, and its debates receive the tacit approval, consent, and recognition of our Fathers in God? Surely it is not to be said that the Anglican branch of the Catholic tree finds more in common with the weeds of the garden than with her sister branches?

FRANK O. WEST.

Bristol, July 20, 1908.

THREE POINTS IN LITERATURE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Three little points which I have noticed in my reading may interest some readers of THE ACADEMY.

1. It seems to me that the line—

Fain would I climb, yet fear I to fall,

which Raleigh is supposed to have written on a window for the Queen to see, and which Elizabeth completed with—

If thy heart fails thee, climb not at all,

was possibly a thought, or misquotation from Robert Southwell, a Jesuit priest and religious poet, who in a poem, "Time goes by Turns," wrote:

The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm, a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall.

Raleigh lived from 1552 to 1618, and the incident was in his courtier days; Southwell, born 1560 (?), was executed in 1595.

2. Might not the lines of Lyly in "Campaspe" (produced 1582, printed 1584):

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bows, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows:
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lips, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin—
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
Oh, love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?—

be the origin of the fabular blindness of Love, which Shakespeare expresses:

But Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
—*Merchant of Venice*, 1596.

Loves looks not with the eyes but with the mind ;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
—*Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1590-1.

3. We find the same thought in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* (played 1588, printed 1604), sc. 14, xi. 85-6, where Faustus addresses the vision of Helen :

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss. [*Kisses her.*]
Her lips suck forth my soul ; see where it flies !

and in Tennyson's "Fatima," xi. 19-21 :

O Love, O fire ! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul thro'
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.

RUPERT SANDERSON.

EDINBURGH VACATION COURSES IN MODERN LANGUAGES

(FRENCH, GERMAN, ENGLISH, &C.)

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—As in former years, we would again respectfully direct the attention of your readers to these courses, held annually in August in the University of Edinburgh, under the patronage of the Lord Provost and City of Edinburgh, the Principals of the four Scottish Universities, the Secretary of the Scottish Education Department, and others. The course consists of lectures and practical lessons in English (chiefly for foreigners), in French, and in German, at least three hours daily being devoted to each language, and they have been found an immense boon to teachers desirous of refreshing their knowledge at the best possible sources, and especially to those of our own teachers who are unable or unwilling to travel abroad. Our staff includes *inter alios* nine University Professors and Lecturers specially brought from France for these courses, who, together with many French teachers and students, create quite a French atmosphere in our beautiful northern capital. It is also interesting to note that over a hundred German Professors, teachers and students have attended the courses annually, and that their admirable zeal and industry set an excellent example to their fellow-students. Other nationalities, too, have been well represented. The total number of Professors, students, and hearers has averaged 350 to 400 in each year, nearly half being foreigners. Our sole and earnest aims are to promote the cause of education and of a good *entente* with all nations ; and, as we have no endowments, and give our services gratuitously, we again venture to appeal to the generosity of the Press to enable us to carry out these beneficent objects. It may be added that the fees are so moderate as barely to cover actual outlays.

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The University, Edinburgh, July 17, 1908.

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